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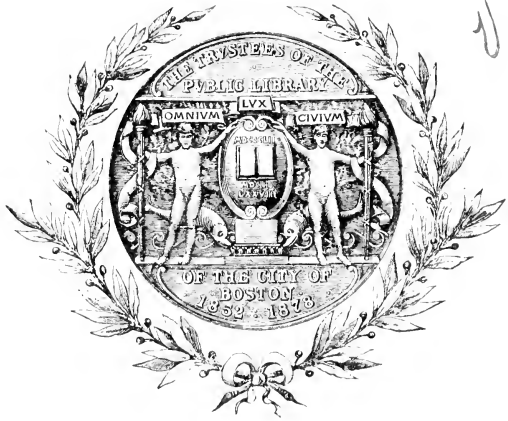

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE

TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY

FRANCIS J. CHILD.

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THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH BOOKES.

By ED. SPENSER.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON FOR
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1596.

THE FOURTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

1 THE rugged forhead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite[1]
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues disciplèd,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

2 Such ones ill iudge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame:

[1] *Wite*, blame.

I. 1. — *The rugged forhead.*] The Lord Treasurer Burleigh is supposed to be hinted at in these verses.

Forthy[1] they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the same:
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

3 Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the Father of Philosophie,[2]
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

4 To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chast breast all bountie[3] naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven blest.

5 Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dred Infant, Venus dearling dove,

[1] *Forthy*, therefore. [2] I. e. Socrates. [3] *Bountie*, goodness.

From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull maiestie remove:
In sted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson often.

V. 3. — *Imperious feare.*] *Feare* here means that which inspires fear in others. H.

V. 5. — *With drops of melting love*, &c.] Elizabeth, when this portion of the poem was published, was over sixty years old. H.

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

1 Of lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimels unworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

2 For, from the time that Scudamour her bought[1]
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day;
A perilous fight! when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay[2];
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay.[3]

[1] *Bought*, ransomed.
[2] *Assay*, assail.
[3] *Dismay*, overpower.

II. 3. — *A perilous fight.*] Of the manner in which Scudamore won Amoret, we are informed hereafter, in the tenth canto of this book. H.

And with great glorie both the Shield of Love
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away ;
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

3 For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Mask of Love which late was showen ;
And there the ladie ill of friends bestedded,[1]
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

4 Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve[2]
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve[3]:
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely[4] wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her[5] with dishonor of so faire a pray.

5 Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,[6]

[1] *Bestedded*, assisted.
[2] *Sterve*, die.
[3] *Kerve*, carve, cut.
[4] *Lovely*, affectionate.
[5] I. e. Britomart.
[6] *Demeanure daint*, delicate conduct.

That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,[1]
And everie limbe that touched her[2] did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

6 For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lives lord and patrone of her health[3]
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his iustly that all freely dealth.
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
Die had she lever[4] with Enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

7 Thereto her feare was made so much the greater,
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
For otherwhiles[5] to her she purpos[6] made

1 *Quaint*, nice.
2 I. e. Britomart.
3 I. e. defender of her safety.
4 *Lever*, rather.
5 *Otherwhiles — otherwhiles*, sometimes — sometimes.
6 *Purpos*, discourse.

VII. 4. — *Wounded mind.*] Wounded, that is, with love for Arthegall. H.

Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

8 His will she feard; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed.
For which no service she too much esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

9 It so befell one evening that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee.
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

10 Amongst the rest there was a iolly Knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.
The warlike Virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;

And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

11 So foorth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve,[1] that both the custome showne[2]
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

12 The seneschall was cal'd to deeme[3] the right
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let:
Then, since that strange Knights love from him was quitted,[4]
She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det,
He as a knight might iustly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of[5] loves were fitted.

13 With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound

[1] *Salve*, secure.
[2] *Showne*, published.
[3] *Deeme*, judge.
[4] *Quitted*, taken.
[5] *Of*, with.

XII. 1. — *Seneschall.*] The household steward, or master of the ceremonies. H.

Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

14 Such when those knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

15 But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare:

XIII. 6. — *With lines of firie light.*] This is a description of the Aurora Borealis. H.

16 Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull[2] pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight[3]:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

17 Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

18 The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew:
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that, such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.[4]

[1] *Treat*, discourse.
[2] *Griefull*, grief-full.
[3] I. e. prepared for their journey.
[4] I. e. to persons of all sorts.

19 Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

20 Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve[1] farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out-win[2];
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

21 And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast;
Disshivered speares and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captíved, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

[1] *Delve*, dell. [2] *Out-win*, find out.

22 There was the signe[1] of antique Babylon;
Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The Golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive:

23 And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which made them strive.

[1] *Signe*, memorial, relic.

XXII. 8. — *His princes five.*] Cassander, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Seleucus, and Antigonus. UPTON.

XXIII. 1. — *The drunken fray.*] The well-known quarrel at the marriage of Pirithous. — 3. *The bloodie feast*, &c.] Hercules, while in pursuit of the Erymanthian boar, was entertained by Pholus, who had a cask of excellent wine. This being opened, the fragrance attracted a great crowd of the Centaurs, and Hercules drove them off with firebrands and arrows. — 6. *The dreadfull discord*, &c.] Some vague allusions to quarrels among the Argonauts seem to be the only foundation for this account. C.

24 And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

25 Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes;
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre.
Bring foorth an infinite increase that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

26 And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve[1]
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,[2]
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood.
With which she from her childhood had bene fed:
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.[3]

[1] *Sterve*, die.
[2] *Feood*, feud.
[3] *Red*, perceived.

27 Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrárie wayes intended,[1]
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart discided,[2]
That never thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

28 Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse[3] eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one forward yode,[4]
The other backe retired and contrárie trode.

29 Likewise unequall were her handës twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:

1 *Intended*, directed.
2 *Discided*, cleft in two.
3 *Matchlesse*, not matched.
4 *Yode*, went.

For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

30 So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne[1]:
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31 Such was that hag which with Duessa roade,
And, serving her in her malitious use[2]
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
For though, like withered tree that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-de-luce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found mate:

32 Her mate, he was a iollie youthfull knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie[3]

[1] *Indigne*, unworthy. [2] *Use*, practice. [3] *Descrie*, denote.

XXXII. 4.—*Blandamour.*] Upton conjectures that Blandamour represents the Earl of Northumberland, who was associated

His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether[1] were more false, full hard it is to tell.

33 Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon,[2] his conquests part,
Approching nigh; eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd:
"Lo! there, Sir Paridel, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

34 By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,[3]
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion[4] weld,[5]
He had small lust[6] to buy his Love so deare,
But answerd: "Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.[7]

1 *Whether*, which of the two.
2 *Paragon*, companion.
3 *Fond*, found, felt.
4 *Scutchion*, shield.
5 *Weld*, wield.
6 *Lust*, desire.
7 *Reare*, rouse.

---

with the Earl of Westmoreland (according to the same authority, the prototype of Paridell) in a rebellion against Queen Elizabeth.

XXXIV. 5. —*Same scutchion.*] See Book III. Canto I. 4.

35 "This Knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge[1] yond same other for my fee.[2]"
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

36 The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave[3];
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.[4]

37 Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,[5]

[1] *Chalenge*, claim.
[2] *Fee*, property.
[3] *Deceave*, defraud, deprive.
[4] *Dallie*, trifle.
[5] *Weld*, turn, move.

XXXV. 5.— *The hot-spurre youth.*] Blandamour. This epithet is one of the reasons which leads Upton to think that the Earl of Northumberland is meant by Blandamour, Hotspur being the name given to young Percy in the reign of Henry IV., as every reader of Shakespeare knows. H.

They reared him on horse-backe and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd:
And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
More for the Love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

38 Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other Knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom when as Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo,[1] and gan his former griefe renew.

39 For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, (by that he bore
The God of Love with wings displayed wide,)
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his Love he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, through the bruses of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

[1] *Wo*, sad.

XXXIX. 3. — *The God of Love.*] See Book III. Canto XI. 7. The family of Scudamore derived this surname from their bearing the Shield of Divine Love (*scudo d'amore*) for their arms.

40 Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake:
"Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
"Ah! Sir," said Paridel, "do not dismay
Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right."

41 With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing[1] speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

42 As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrárie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;

[1] *Preventing,* coming before, surpassing.

XL. 9. — *The left hand rubs the right.*] A proverbial expression equivalent to "One good turn deserves another." H.

But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes[1]:

43 Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle[2];
Till that the rest, him seeing lie on ground,
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle:
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

44 Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd:
"False faitour[3] Scudamour, that hast by slight[4]
And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,[5]
A knight much better then thyselfe behight,[6]
Well falles it thee[7] that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne!
Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne:
So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

45 He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare

[1] *Upbrayes*, upbraids.
[2] *Rayle*, railing.
[3] *False faitour*, false-doer, traitor.
[4] *Slight*, sleight.
[5] *Dismayd*, overpowered.
[6] *Behight*, bespoken, reputed.
[7] I. e. it is well for you.

An hideous storme, is by the northerne blast
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

46 "Ah! gentle Knight," then false Duessa sayd,
"Why do ye strive for ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore!
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefóre,
That she your Love list love another knight,
Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more;
For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might."

47 So false Duessa: but vile Atè thus:
"Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme, with stirre outrageous,
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In lovely[1] wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

48 "Vile hag," said Scudamour, "why dost thou lye,
And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?"
"Fond knight," sayd she, "the thing that with this eye

[1] *Lovely*, amorous.

I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
"Then tell," quoth Blandamour, "and feare no blame;
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre whoso it heares."
"I saw," quoth she, "a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

49 "I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
All manie nights; and manie by in place
That present were to testifie the case."
Which when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe; as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart;

50 So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glaucè grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay.[1]
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His chaunge of cheere that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got[2] thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

51 "Lo! recreant," sayd he, "the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,

[1] *Assay*, experience, knowledge. [2] *Got*, gained.

Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,[1]
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."
"Fy, fy, false knight," then false Duessa cryde,
"Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
Be thou, wherever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!"

52 But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine[2];
"False traitour Squire, false squire of falsest knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight!
Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might!

53 "Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man uniust!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust:
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

[1] *Shend*, disgrace. [2] *Amaine*, violently.

54 The aged dame, him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred[1];
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

[1] *Expyred*, discovered.

LIV. 1.— *The aged dame*, &c.] It is very agreeable to poetical decorum, as well as a just punishment for Scudamore's jealous disposition, that Glaucé leaves him thus in ignorance and doubt, till proper time and circumstances discover, of themselves, the fidelity of Amoret. UPTON.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded[1]: Agapè
Doth lengthen her Sonnes lives.

1 FIREBRAND of hell first tynd[2] in Phlegeton
By thousand Furies, and from thence out-throwen
Into this world to worke confusion
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a god or godlike man can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes[3] of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make:

2 Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,

[1] *Accorded*, reconciled.
[2] *Tynd*, kindled.
[3] *Ympes*, youths.

I. 7. — *Such as was Orpheus*, &c.] "Apollonius Rhodius and Valerius Flaccus mention some quarrels that arose amongst the Argonauts; and the former introduces Orpheus, pacifying them, playing on his harp." — JORTIN. See Canto I. 23.

The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time concented,[1]
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane[2] well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

3 Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and warelesse[3] of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill[4];
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

4 With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright

1 *Concented*, made harmonious, spoken seasonably.
2 I. e. Menenius Agrippa.
3 *Warelesse*, unaware. 4 *Drevill*, driveller (Até).

IV. 6.—*He that from Braggadocchio*, &c.] See Book III. Canto VIII. 15.

Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.[1]

5 Which whenas Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each beautie that appeard in sight,
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent:
"Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

6 But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall:
"Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours; God send you better gaine!"
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly[2] overborne.

7 Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
The whiles his Love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray:
"Lo! sluggish knight, the victors happie pray!
So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell

[1] *Weft*, waif, i. e. (here) a thing not worth claiming.
[2] *Lightly*, easily.

Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

8 Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed.
Having so peerelesse paragon[1] ygot:
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe.
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things dooe,
That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

9 She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
That, having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most wise.

10 So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practíz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,[2]
And by his false allurements wylie draft[3]
Had thousand women of their love beraft,

1 *Paragon*, companion. 2 *Pas*, surpass. 3 *Draft*, attraction.

Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same Witch had in this forme engraft,[1]
Was so expert in every subtile slight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

11 Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefóre,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to descry.
But Atè soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

12 By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches:
And ever, when his passion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches:
That, on a time as they together way'd,[2]
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd:

13 "Too boastfull Blandamour! too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray

[1] *Engraft*, engrafted. [2] *Way'd*, journeyed.

Should equally be shard betwixt us tway:
Where is my part, then, of this ladie bright,
Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight."

14 Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make:
"Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend."
With that they gan their shivering[1] speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.

15 Their firie steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and haberieon[2] did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret[3]
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stownd[4] in which their lives were set.

16 As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,

[1] *Shivering*, quivering.
[2] *Haberieon*, coat of mail.
[3] *Affret*, encounter.
[4] *Stownd*, situation.

Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme[1] ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

17 At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves a while did gaze;
Till, seeing her that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,[2]
Therewith their dulled sprights thay edgd anew,
And, drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share,[3] and mailes did rash,[4] and helmes did hew.

18 So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle[5]
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent.[6]
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

1 *Stemme*, run against.
2 *Deeme*, adjudge.
3 *Share*, shear, cut.
4 *Rash*, slash.
5 *Rayle*, flow.
6 *Sprent*, sprinkled.

19 And that which is for ladies most besitting,[1]
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cause release[2]:
With which vaine termes so much they did them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

20 There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure[3] travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t' appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate:

21 And then those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.[4]
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well knowen token,

[1] *Besitting*, becoming.
[2] *Release*, give up.
[3] *Adventure*, chance.
[4] *Wroken*, avenged.

That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

22 First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.
"Ah! gentle Knights," quoth he, "how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?"
"Fond Squire," full angry then sayd Paridell,
"Seest not the ladie there before thy face?"
He looked backe, and, her avizing[1] well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

23 Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,
For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting,[2] thus behight[3]:
"Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you live in health and happie state!"
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.[4]

24 Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew:
"And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this ladie present in your vew

[1] *Avizing*, considering.
[2] *Lowting*, bowing.
[3] *Behight*, bespoke.
[4] I. e. easily pleased him, or, perhaps, favored him with a slight acknowledgment.

Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triúmph to make."

25 Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:
"Aread,[1] thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!"
"Not one," quoth he, "but many doe partake
Herein; as thus:—It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

26 "But, whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where

[1] *Aread*, explain.

XXV. 7.—*A Girdle did uptake.*] In Book III. Canto VIII. 2, we are told that the beast, which the witch had sent after Florimel, returned with her girdle; and we are not informed how it came into the possession of Sir Satyrane. The account given in the text, however, agrees with that contained in Book III. Canto VIII. 49. H.

A solemne feast, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their ladies are to bring:

27 "And of them all she that is fayrest found
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those knights, who is most stout on ground
Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines
Against all those that chalenge it to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory then ye here find gaines."

28 When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,[1]
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

29 So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,

[1] *Fone*, foes.

However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure[1]:
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

30 Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two Knights that lincked rode in lovely[2] wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,[3]
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose[4] make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

31 Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand
What mote they be: who, viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest[5] knights in Faery Lond;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare;
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

32 Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest[6] on ground,

1 *Enure*, practise, pursue.
2 *Lovely*, loving.
3 *Make*, mate.
4 *Purpose*, discourse.
5 *Prowest*, bravest.
6 *Fellonest*, fellest.

XXXII. 1. — *Whylome, as antique stories tellen us.*] In Chaucer's Squire's Tale, a knight fights in the lists with the two brothers

And battell made the dreddest daungerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll[1] worthie to be fyled.

33 But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed Eld,[2] the canker-worme of writs!
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits!

34 Then pardon, O most sacred happie Spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And, being dead, in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

[1] *Beadroll*, list of names. [2] *Eld*, antiquity.

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of Canace to win her for his wife. The "virtuous ring" was sent Canace by the king of Araby and Ind, and enabled her to understand both the language of birds and the healing qualities of herbs. C.

35 Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
Well seene[1] in everie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of natures wayes;
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of knights and lords.

36 Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But, like to warie centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affrayd.

37 So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought;
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought

[1] *Seene*, skilled.

How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38 One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring-dooers,[1]
(The harder it to make them well agree,)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

39 Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage[2] full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a Ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

40 Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of love delight,
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke;

[1] I. e. doers of daring deeds. [2] *Courage*, heart.

And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

41 Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne[1]
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

42 Stout[2] Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe[3] used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

43 These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;

[1] *Werne*, were.
[2] *Stout*, bold.
[3] *Curtaxe*, cutlass, a short cutting-sword.

Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
And, like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44 Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.[1]
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.[2]

45 There on a day a noble youthly Knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood,
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions bold:

46 Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:

[1] *Feature*, make, character. [2] *Space*, walk, roam.

Then, shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,[1]
Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout[2]
Their safetie; least by searching daungers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout.

47 Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the Three Fatall Sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,[3]
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abysse,
Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of gods and heavens blis
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48 There she them found all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke,[4] the whiles the thrid
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine!

1 *Ensew*, follow.
2 *Dout*, fear for.
3 *Went*, way, path.
4 *Rocke*, distaff.

49 She, them saluting, there by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos: "Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Iove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!"

50 Whereat she, sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall Fate:
Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same.
That when she saw, it did her much amate[1]
To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

51 She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,[2]
And sayd: "Fond dame! that deem'st of things divine
As of humáne, that they may altred bee,

[1] *Amate*, dishearten. [2] *Repine*, grow indignant.

And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes[1] of thine:
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Iove himself can free!"

52 "Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext.[2]"

53 They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd:
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three, according to their kynd[3];
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

54 So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall;

[1] *Impes*, children.
[2] *Wext*, increased.
[3] *Kynd*, nature.

Which much augmented all their other praise:
And now, t' increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they ioyned all:
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
(Great matter growing of beginning small,)
The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

CANTO III.

The Battell twixt three Brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

1 O, WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire;
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at Deathës gate!
And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

2 Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which, in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whilest they lived, none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

3 These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:

The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:
That day, (the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,)
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,[1]
Assembled were in field the chalenge to define.[2]

4 The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease[3] of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage[4]
That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage.

5 Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the Brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,[5]
With scutchins[6] gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted[7] lowly to the noble mayd;
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

[1] *Shine*, sheen, bright.
[2] *Define*, decide.
[3] *Prease*, press.
[4] *Wage*, reward.
[5] *Amenance*, carriage.
[6] *Scutchins*, shields.
[7] *Lowted*, bowed.

6 Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his chalenge to abet[1]:
Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,[2]
As if that life to losse they had forelent,[3]
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

7 Right practicke[4] was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

8 Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce[5]:
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine that did the more enhaunce

[1] *Abet*, maintain.
[2] *Affret*, encounter.
[3] I. e. already abandoned, given over for lost.
[4] *Practicke*, practised, skilful.
[5] *Disadvaunce*, draw back or lower.

His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

9 With that, his poynant[1] speare he fierce aventred[2]
With doubled force, close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ot[3] right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and theare.

10 Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight[4];
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He, all enrag'd, his shivering[5] speare did shake,
And, charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake:

11 "Lo! faitour,[6] there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet:

[1] *Poynant*, piercing.
[2] *Aventred*, thrust forward.
[3] *N'ot*, could not.
[4] *Empight*, fixed itself.
[5] *Shivering*, quivering.
[6] *Faitour*, villain.

XI. 2. — *Thy mischalenge and abet.*] Thy malicious challenge, and thy maintaining it.

Not for thine owne, but for thy Sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12 Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,[1]
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast
Out of his head-peece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,[2]
That, making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

13 His wearie ghost assoyld[3] from fleshly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently;
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction[4] was eftsoones derived,[5]
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

[1] *Brast*, burst.
[2] *Heft*, threw.
[3] *Assoyld*, freed.
[4] *Traduction*, transfer.
[5] *Derived*, transmitted.

14 Whom when on ground his brother next[1] beheld,
Though sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld[2];
But rather stird to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest[3]: the trompets freshly blew.

15 With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, where as their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,[4]
But rived were, like rotten wood, asunder;
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth[5] and wonder.

16 As when two tygers prickt with hungers rage
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle;
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,

[1] I. e. his *second* brother, Diamond.
[2] I. e. *he* did not yield leave, give way.
[3] *Addrest*, ready.
[4] *Stowre*, assault.
[5] *Ruth*, pity.

Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly these knights strove for that Ladies sake.

17 Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe;
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way;
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

18 The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment,)
The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
And stinted[1] all the strife incontinent;
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent:
For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did slyde:

19 As when a vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart[2] to him doth lend,

[1] *Stinted*, stopped. [2] I. e. courage.

XVI. 7. — To take soil was a hunting term for taking water, when game is driven to that refuge (Fr. *souille*). Spenser uses it, very singularly, for the prey itself. NARES.

Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend:
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse[1] might
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recovereth flight.

20 Which faire adventure[2] when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower[3]
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can[4] let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept;
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

21 They which that piteous spectacle beheld
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,[5]
It would have lived, and revived eft[6];
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

[1] *Weeldlesse*, unwieldy.
[2] *Adventure*, chance, opportunity.
[3] *Recower*, recover.
[4] *Can*, gan.
[5] *Bee*, been.
[6] *Eft*, again.

22 It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild[1]
With point of steele that close[2] his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And, rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest;
Who, him affronting,[3] soone to fight was readie prest.[4]

23 Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene[5]
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

24 All was, through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall[6] might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,

1 *Ythrild*, pierced.
2 *Close*, secretly.
3 *Affronting*, confronting.
4 *Prest*, prepared.
5 *Teene*, rigor.
6 I. e. *no more* than most.

Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,[1]
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

25 Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde[2]
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd,[3] he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

26 Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes;
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes[4]
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,[5]
As fast, as forward erst, now backward to retrate:

27 Like as the tide, that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan[6] with contrárie forse,
And, overruling him in his owne rayne,

[1] I. e. on equal terms.
[2] *Bestedde*, treated, beset.
[3] *Foynd*, thrust.
[4] *Throwes*, strokes.
[5] *Amate*, daunt, quell.
[6] *Shenan*, the Shannon.

Drives backe the current of his kindly[1] course,
And makes it seeme to have some other sourse;
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

28 Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed;
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed:
And all the while the disentrayled[2] blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

29 But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that Rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht[3]:
Like as a withered tree, through husbands[4] toyle,
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

30 Through which advantage, in his strength he rose
And smote the other with so wondrous might,

1 *Kindly*, natural.
2 *Disentrayled*, let out (from the entrails).
3 *Guarisht*, healed.
4 *Husbands*, husbandman's.

That through the seame which did his hauberk[1] close
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not; yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

31 But nathëlesse whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight,[2] as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth[3] sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard[4];
Till, having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike and save himselfe from teene.[5]

32 Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,[6]
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

[1] *Hauberk*, a coat with a hood of the same piece.
[2] *Behight*, denominated, pronounced.
[3] *Uncouth*, strange.
[4] *Sweard*, sword.
[5] *Teene*, harm.
[6] *Defend*, keep off.

33 Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

34 Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And, falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest:
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

35 Which when as all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end;
And iudges rose; and marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend[1]:
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstarted light,
The one out of the swownd which him did blend,[2]
The other breathing now another spright;
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

[1] *Rend*, take. [2] *Blend*, blind, stupefy.

36 Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards,* weapons, all they did despise;
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne;
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itselfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

37 Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine[1]
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,[2]
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,[3]
Confusd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theaters oftimes annoyes.

38 Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace
One in charet of straunge furniment[4]
Towards them driving like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,

[1] *Tine*, sorrow.
[2] *Fine*, end.
[3] *Desine*, denote.
[4] *Furniment*, furnishing.

* Qu. *swards?*

After the Persian monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

39 And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good:
And therein sate a Ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of angels brood;
And, with her beautie, bountie [1] did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

40 Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,[2]
And all the artes that subtill wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other:
Who, understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which causd so deadly smart.

41 And, as she passed through th' unruly preace [3]
Of people thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did over-runne in dust enrould;
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,

[1] *Bountie*, goodness.
[2] *Leare*, lore.
[3] *Preace*, press.

Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,[1]
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd
to dout.

42 In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled[2] mutually in lovely lore,[3]
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd;
(Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;)
And in her other hand a cup she hild,[4]
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfild.

43 Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the gods for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage *
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

44 Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Iove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,

[1] *Hould*, howled.
[2] *Entrayled*, entwined.
[3] *Lovely lore*, loving fashion.
[4] *Hild*, held.

* The old editions have *quiet age*.

For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drincke hereof; whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie:
So did those olde heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plaste.

45 Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,[1]
And heavy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice!

46 At last arriving by the listës side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her coch she gan availe,[2]

[1] *Brenne*, burn. [2] *Availe*, descend.

XLV. 2. — *That same water of Ardenne*, &c.] "Rinaldo, in pursuit of the fair Angelica, came to the forest of Ardenne, where he found the enchanted fountain, made by the magical art of Merlin for Sir Tristram de Leonnois, who was in love with Isotta. If Sir Tristram had drank of this fountain, says the poet, he had been cured of his love; but the Fates ordained it otherwise. The fountain, however, still preserved its virtues; for whoever drank of it, his love was turned into aversion. See Boiardo, or Berni, Orlando Innamorato, Book I. Canto III. 36, Book II. Canto XV. 28." — Upton.

And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile
First to her brother whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile;
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare[1]
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

47 They lightly her requit,[2] (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine,)
And eft[3] them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From blouddy strife; and, blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare did them beseeke.[4]

48 But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand:
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk an harty draught:

[1] *Cheare*, look, air.
[2] *Requit*, requited, returned her salutation.
[3] *Eft*, once more.
[4] *Beseeke*, beseech.

49 Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely[1] haulst,[2] from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

50 All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld[3]:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,[4]
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

51 Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
And wise Cambina, taking by her side
Faire Canacee as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people and much glorifide.

[1] *Lovely*, lovingly.
[2] *Haulst*, clung round the neck.
[3] *Befeld*, befallen.
[4] *Affrended*, made friends.

52 Where making ioyous feast theire daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,[1]
The which as life were each to other liefe.[2]
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elswere.

[1] *Fere*, mate. [2] *Liefe*, dear.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

1 It often fals. (as here it earst befell,)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends;
And th' end of both, likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds.

2 That well (me seemes) appeares by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell;
As els[1] by this: that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell.

[1] *Els*, also.

II. 2.— *Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond*, &c.] Cambell and Sir Triamond are instances of "enmitie that of no ill proceeds": Blandamour and Paridell, of friendship "without regard of good."

II. 5.— *The which*, &c.] The story is now resumed from Canto II. 31.

Who, having those two other knights espide
Marching afore,[1] as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside.

3 Who backe returning told, as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name,
And those two ladies their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour, full of vain-glorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

4 Yet, nigh approching, he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing[2] them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies love, whereso he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

5 But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,

[1] *Afore*, before. [2] *Disgracing*, insulting.

III. 3.—*Unseene.*] The ladies were masked. Stanza II. 9.

That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great Turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

6 To which folke-mote[1] they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply;
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have represt.

7 Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted[2] speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,[3]
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend that he somwhere tofore[4] had eide.

[1] *Folke-mote*, meeting of people.
[2] *Vaunted*, thrust forward.
[3] *Disadvaunce*, draw up.
[4] *Tofore*, before.

8 It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne;
Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,
How, having reft her from the Witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize[1]:
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize;

9 And said: "Sir Knight, sith ye this lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,[2]
(For so to lose a lady were great shame,)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by right;
But he shall have the hag that is ybet,[3]
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get."

10 That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemed worse then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight:
But if to match that lady they had sought

[1] *Reprize*, take back.
[2] *Light*, easily.
[3] *Ybet*, beaten.

VIII. 2.—*Which Ferrau late*, &c.] See Book III. Canto VIII. 19, and Book IV. Canto III. 4. H.

Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

11 At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize;
And Atè eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.[1]
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

12 But Cambell thus did shut up all in iest:
"Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the Turneiment, which is not long,[2]
When who so list to fight may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong[3];
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still."

13 They all agreed; so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord,[4] they past forth on their way:
And all that while, whereso they rode or came,
That masked mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turneyment they came;

1 *Mesprize*, contempt.
2 *Long*, distant.
3 *Prolong*, postpone.
4 *Bord*, jest.

Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame
Assembled for to get the honour of that game.

14 There this faire crewe arriving did divide
Themselves asunder: Blandamour with those
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastfull Braggadocchio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone.[1]

15 Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane;
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous Girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

16 That same aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which, eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,

[1] *Attone*, together with them.

And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

17 Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vauncing[1] forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field:
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim Knight that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

18 So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine:
As two fierce buls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,[2]
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine;
So these two champions to the ground were feld;
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag,[3] or once to weld.

[1] *Vauncing*, advancing.
[2] *Maine*, force.
[3] *Wag*, move.

XVII. 4. — Sir Satyrane's device was a Satyr's head. (Book III. Canto VII. 30.) It is Guyon that has a "maiden-headed shield." C.

19 Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran;
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can:
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man:
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

20 Which Braggadocchio seeing had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd:
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth and raught[1] away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselves againe upreare.

21 Which to avenge Sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest;
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight:
And after him Sir Douglas him addrest;
And after him Sir Palimord forth prest;
But none of them against his strokes could stand;
But, all the more,[2] the more his praise increst:
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

[1] *Raught*, reached, took. [2] I. e. the more they were.

22 And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid[1]
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead.[2]

23 Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abrode,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found:
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,[3]
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond;
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

24 With that, at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordained,
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,[4]
That scarse he him upheld from falling in a swound.

[1] *Abraid*, awoke.
[2] *Stead*, place, situation.
[3] *Glode*, glided, glanced.
[4] *Stound*, exigency, circumstance.

25 Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine:
Then gan the part[1] of chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,[2]
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26 The morrow next the turney gan anew;
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond;
Unable he new battell to darraine,[3]
Through grievaunce of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he found:

27 Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,[4]
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight[5]
And to his friend unwist, for doubt[6] of blame

1 *Part*, party.
2 *Raine*, reign.
3 *Darraine*, contest, wage.
4 *Salve*, save, help.
5 I. e. to any one.
6 *Doubt*, fear.

If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne; and so went forth to fight.

28 There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground:
That much he gan his glorie to envý,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity:
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

29 They up againe themselves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing[1] close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling[2] round advantage for to take:
As two wild boares together grapling go,
Chaufing, and foming choler each against his fo.

30 So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;

[1] *Cuffing*, striking. The old editions have *cuffling*.
[2] *Hurtling*, skirmishing.

Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst[1] him on the compast[2] creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell,[3]
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse feete fell.

31 Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay:
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

32 He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brond-iron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

33 Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armour sought:

[1] *Sowst*, struck.
[2] *Compast*, rounded.
[3] *Sell*, saddle.

In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

34 Into the thickest of that knightly preasse[1]
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thral two other knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they which lead him soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes;
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35 With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight:
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,[2]
They spoile and ravine without all remorse; *
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce

36 Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest:

[1] *Preasse*, press. [2] I. e. the husbandman's farm.

* Qu. "all without remorse"?

Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t' advance the others gest,[1]
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome[2] was to another day differd.

37 The last day came; when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view;
For from the first he to the last endured:
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,[3]
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

38 Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowen:
That, by their many wounds and carelesse[4] harmes,
By shivered speares and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrowen;
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne[5]:
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

[1] *Gest*, achievement.
[2] *Doome*, decision.
[3] *Recured*, recovered.
[4] *Carelesse*, uncared for.
[5] *Fordonne*, undone, defeated.

39 Till that there entred on the other side
A straunger Knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be descride[1]:
For all his armour was like salvage weed[2]
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word,[3] which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

40 He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight;
That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight:
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight, that hote[4]
Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life behote.[5]

41 Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven knights, one after other, as they came:
And, when his speare was brust,[6] his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd[7] like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,

1 *Descride*, made out, undertook.
2 *Salvage weed*, wild dress.
3 *Word*, motto.
4 *Hote*, was named.
5 *Behote*, promised.
6 *Brust*, broken.
7 *Far'd*, went.

XXXIX. 9. — *Salvagesse sans finesse.*] Wildness without art.

And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight
No lesse then death itselfe, in daungerous affright.

42 Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But, when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed, him to terme the Salvage Knight:
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

43 Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismayd,[1] that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening that the sunne gan downward bend:
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger Knight, that did his glorie shend[2]:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end!

44 He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Artegall, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere[3]
So sore, that, tombling backe, he downe did slyde

[1] *Dismayd*, overpowered.
[2] *Shend*, shame.
[3] *Umbriere*, visor.

Over his horses taile above a stryde;
Whence litle lust[1] he had to rise againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same envýde,[2]
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

45 Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond[3]
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.[4]
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred,[5] and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

46 Full many others at him likewise ran;
But all of them likewise dismounted were:
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

47 Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,

[1] *Lust*, desire.
[2] *Envyde*, begrudged.
[3] *Fond*, found.
[4] I. e. to be in need of it.
[5] *Feutred*, put in rest.

That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade where shrowded they may lie,
And, missing it, faine[1] from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48 So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to Knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle[2]:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhyle.

[1] I. e. act as if they would (?). [2] I. e. Florimell's girdle.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the Girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Cares house,
Doth sleepe from him[1] expell.

1 It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitie;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

2 So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of Prowesse ended well,
The controverse of Beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell;
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

[1] I. e. himself.

3 That girdle gave the vertue of chast love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare
What time she usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside whenso she usd[1] her looser sport.

4 Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemno with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly[2] to restraine;
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

5 The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The God of Warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first ages flowre

[1] *Usd*, practised. [2] *Streightly*, strictly.

V. 5. — *Acidalian mount.*] There was a fountain called Acidalia in Bœotia, which was a favorite resort of the Graces. H.

Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say,)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

6 That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare:
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field[1] adowne descended
To deeme[2] this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

7 But first was question made, which of those knights
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged, by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne:
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,[3]
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne[4]:
For Cambell victour was, in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

8 The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene[5] Speare,

[1] I. e. the field of battle (Campus Martius).
[2] *Deeme*, judge.
[3] *Behight*, adjudged.
[4] *Fordonne*, being ruined.
[5] *Hebene*, ebony.

To Britomart, was given by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,[1]
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And, to the last, unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: to her therefore
The fayrest ladie was adiudgd for paramore.

9 But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede;
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

10 Then first Cambello brought unto their view
His faire Cambina covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale[2];
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11 And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;

[1] *Whileare*, before. [2] *Unheale*, uncover.

Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene;
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

12 All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,[1]
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might have sought.

13 At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainely did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display:
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.[2]

[1] *Enchace*, set forth, set off. [2] *Dismay*, overpower.

XII. 7.—*For Chian folke*, &c.] An allusion to the well-known picture of Apelles of Cos.

14 For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and cóntemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

15 As guilefull goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this idole[1] was to be ared,[2]
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe[3]: so forged things do fairest shew.

16 Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame:
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame:
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

[1] *Idole*, image.
[2] *Ared*, detected.
[3] *Passe*, surpass.

17 That all men wondred at the uncouth[1] sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came:
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

18 Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest:
"Alas for pittie, that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from east to west,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest[2]!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this, *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.[3]"

19 Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let;
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,

1 *Uncouth*, strange.
2 *Invest*, put on.
3 *Shent*, disgraced.

And, snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie:

20 Yet nathëmore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathëlesse to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them that iudged it;
And she herselfe adiudged to the knight
That bore the hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
For that strange dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous government.

21 Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.[1]
But, after that, the iudges did arret[2] her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee and other none.

22 Tho unto Satyran she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,

[1] *Muse*, wonder. [2] *Arret*, adjudge.

That, for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t' appeale, from that which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to maintaine.

23 And eke, with these, full many other knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demaund and chalenge[1] as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall[2]
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

24 Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stird up strifull stoure,[3]
And readie were new battell to darraine[4]:
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

[1] *Chalenge*, claim.
[2] *Thrall*, captive.
[3] *Stoure*, tumult.
[4] *Darraine*, contest.

XXII. 5.—*That, for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.*] Blandamour had won the false Florimell (Canto II. 7), and he had risked her for the chance of winning the girdle. H.

25 Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,[1]
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And, to accord them all, this meanes deviz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

26 They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd
Was in the middest plast among them all:
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of Beautie close[2] did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.[3]

27 Which when they all beheld, they chaft, and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from revenge their willes they scarse asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight:
But he nought car'd for all that they could say;
For he their words as wind esteemed light:
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

[1] *Aviz'd*, perceived.
[2] *Close*, secretly.
[3] *Fone*, foes.

28 They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd[1]
From wight unworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else[2] be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

29 For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd,[3] making blind Love her guide.
Unluckie mayd, to seeke her enemie!
Unluckie mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie!

30 So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle[4];
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare[5]
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,[6]
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare

[1] *Reav'd*, taken.
[2] *Else*, elsewhere.
[3] I. e. Arthegall.
[4] *Assoyle*, remove.
[5] *Misfare*, misfortune.
[6] *Miswent*, gone astray.

That stryfull Hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent;

31 Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Atè kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,[1]
For ought that Glaucè could or doe or say:
For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.[2]

32 So as they travelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.[3]
Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

33 Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd[4] the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:

[1] *Reverst*, drawn out.
[2] *Defray*, appease.
[3] *Stowre*, attack.
[4] *Cav'd*, hollowed.

Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,[1]
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

34 There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish[2] elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,[3]
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent[4];
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

35 Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made:
Those be Unquiet Thoughts that carefull minds invade.

36 In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,[5]
About the andvile standing evermore,
With huge great hammers, that did never rest

1 *Ranke*, fiercely.
2 *Wearish*, shrunken, wizened.
3 *Forspent*, wasted.
4 *Blent*, blinded.
5 *Prest*, ready at hand.

From heaping stroakes which thereon soused sore:
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed[1];
So likewise did the hammers which they bore
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last the first did farre exceede.

37 He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Ioves avengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

38 Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof; but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare;
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the northren winde, that none could heare;
Those Pensifenesse did move; and Sighes the bellows weare.

[1] *Disagreed*, made to differ.

XXXVI. 5. — Care and his six servants denote the seven days of the week. UPTON.

39 Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best,)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.[1]
And that old, aged dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,[2]
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

40 There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But, wheresoever he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

41 And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle

[1] *Redrest*, refreshed. [2] I. e. her age must *necessarily* desire.

XXXIX. 6. — *His faithfull Squire.*] Glauce has been in attendance on Scudamour since Britomart undertook the deliverance of Amoret. Book III. Canto XII. 44, 45. C.

About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

42 And, if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall[1];
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,[2]
And then lay musing long on that[3] him ill apayd.[4]

43 So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet, in his soundest sleepe, his dayly[5] feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two[6] disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

44 With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith

[1] *Mall*, hammer.
[2] *Abrayd*, awoke.
[3] *That*, that which.
[4] *Ill apayd*, dissatisfied, or disturbed.
[5] I. e. of the day.
[6] I. e. Amoret and Britomart.

Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

45 In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe.
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd[1] with gealous dread.

46 Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone[2];
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,
Shall breath itselfe awhile after so long a went.[3]

[1] *Dismayd*, overpowered.
[2] *Attone*, together.
[3] *Went*, journey.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

1 WHAT equall torment to the griefe of mind
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart!
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart!
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride[1]:
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide.

2 Who having left that restlesse House of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare[2]
Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischiévous deede.

[1] *Gride*, pierce.

[2] *Misfare*, unhappiness.

3 Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But, soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide[1] his course; at which so suddain case
He wondred much: but th' other thus can[2] say:
"Ah! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day."

4 Whereto thus Scudamour: "Small harme it were
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,[3]
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"
"Certes," sayd he, "ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright:
For time yet serves[4] that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

5 "Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he,
"areede[5];
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,[6]
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne."

1 *Voide*, turn from.
2 *Can*, gan.
3 *Hight*, called.
4 I. e. furnishes a cause.
5 *Areede*, declare.
6 *Wonne*, dwell.

V. 5. — *That rather seemes.*] Which seems probable, since you shunned an encounter with one whose arms you recognized. H.

"This other day," sayd he, "a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night."

6 "Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?"
"A stranger knight," sayd he, "unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest ladie reft, and ever since withheld."

7 When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest Love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd: "Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread:

8 "For lately he my Love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie

VI. 1. — The motto of the Knights of Maidenhead: *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* UPTON.

The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie:
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need."
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

9 Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage Knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure[1] my right."

10 Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter,[2] and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
To dight,[3] to welcome him well as she can;
But entertaind[4] him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

[1] *Recure*, recover, retrieve.
[2] *Fewter*, put in rest.
[3] *Dight*, prepare.
[4] *Entertaind*, received.

11 But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft[1] aventring[2] his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require[3]:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,[4]
And found himselfe on ground in great amazëment.

12 Lightly he started up out of that stound,[5]
And, snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled,)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.

13 So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest[6]
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where, byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,

[1] *Eft*, again (in his turn).
[2] *Aventring*, pushing forward.
[3] *Require*, seek.
[4] *Forwent*, forsook, was thrown from.
[5] *Stound*, situation.
[6] *Blest*, preserved.

That quite it chynd[1] his backe behind the sell,[2]
And to alight on foote her algates[3] did compell:

14 Like as the lightning-brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeánce,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke;
And, casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

15 So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd,[4] and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.[5]

16 At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,

1 *Chynd*, split.
2 *Sell*, saddle.
3 *Algates*, at all events.
4 *Yriv'd*, cloven.
5 *Dent*, dint, blow.

Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.[1]
Ah! cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou dearest art!

17 What yron courage[2] ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature!
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loves defeature,[3]
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

18 Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.[4]
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,[5]
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

19 The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,

[1] I. e. dislodge.
[2] *Courage*, heart.
[3] *Defeature*, defeat.
[4] *Decrewed*, decreased.
[5] *Accrewed*, increased, collected.

Her ventayle[1] shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore;
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight:

20 And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere[2]
Throwes forth upon the rivage[3] round about him nere.

21 And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence
And felt some ruth,[4] or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

[1] *Ventayle*, beaver.
[2] *Shere*, clear, pure.
[3] *Rivage*, bank.
[4] *Ruth*, pity.

22 And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

23 Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke[1];
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand[2];
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand;
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

24 Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,[3]
Beheld, where as he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of Dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,

[1] *Ywroke*, avenged.
[2] *Withstand*, resist, continue the fight.
[3] *Abrayd*, awoke.

XXII. 3. — *And of his wonder*, &c.] His astonishment was changed into adoration. H.

He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide;
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25 But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,[1]
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd[2] with seemly bel-accoyle,[3]
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle:
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce awhyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.

26 When Britomart with sharpe avizefull[4] eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw:
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,[5]
That her enhaunced[6] hand she downe can soft withdraw.

27 Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever, when his visage she beheld,

[1] *Assoyle*, dispel.
[2] *Salewd*, saluted.
[3] *Bel-accoyle* (*bel-accueil*), greeting.
[4] *Avizefull*, observing.
[5] *Adaw*, abate.
[6] *Enhaunced*, raised.

Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold:
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have missayd.[1]

28 But Scudamour now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his Love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
Him thus bespake: "Certes, Sir Artegall,
I ioy to see you lout[2] so low on ground,
And now become to live a ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all."

29 Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden ioy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse[3] of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

[1] *Missayd*, abused, berated.
[2] *Lout*, bow.
[3] *Recourse*, frequent passage.

XXVIII. 3. — *That Hag his Love abused had.*] See Canto I. 47.

30 When Glaucè thus gan wisely all upknit:
"Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this úncouth fit,[1]
Which secret fate hath in this ladie wrought
Against the course of kind,[2] ne mervaile nought;
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

31 "And you, Sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquerd sea and land,
And heaven itselfe, that nought may them withstand:
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

32 "And you, faire Ladie Knight, my dearest dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him empart;
For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell."

[1] *Uncouth fit*, strange fact or effect. [2] *Kind*, nature.

Thereat full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall, close-smyling,[1] ioy'd in secret hart.

33 Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,[2]
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would restraine.

34 But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,[3]
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake: "But, Sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my Love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captíved long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove."

35 To whom thus Britomart: "Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whether[4] reft,
I cannot unto you aread[5] aright.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft

[1] *Close-smyling*, secretly smiling.
[2] *Faine*, desirous, eager.
[3] *Suspence*, suspended.
[4] *Whether*, whither.
[5] *Aread*, declare.

Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

36 "Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way,
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But, whenas I did out of sleepe abray,[1]
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare."

37 When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound[2] doth beare:
Till Glaucè thus: "Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.

38 Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare, so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright,

[1] *Abray*, awake. [2] *Stound*, moment, &c.

Till Britomart him fairely thus behight[1]:
"Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reave.[2]"

39 Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

40 In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,[3]
More eath[4] was new impression to receive;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

41 So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,

[1] *Behight*, promised.
[2] *Reave*, carry off.
[3] *Lovely dart*, dart of love.
[4] *Eath*, easy.

So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his Love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.[1]

42 Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound;
And unto her his congee[2] came to take:
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make[3];
Her dearest Love full loth so shortly to forsake.

43 Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert[4]:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.[5]

[1] *Accord*, agreement.
[2] *Congee*, leave.
[3] *Make*, mate.
[4] *Revert*, return.
[5] *Expire*, wear out.

XLII. 3.—*Upon an hard adventure.*] This forms the subject of the fifth book. H.

44 With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early in the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates[1] him a while accompanide.

45 And by the way she sundry purpose[2] found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.[3]
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft[4] againe deviz'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

46 At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, who she had left behind;
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely[5] sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.[6]

[1] *Algates*, to be sure.
[2] *Purpose*, matter of discourse.
[3] *Day*, time.
[4] *Eft*, once more.
[5] I. e. only for virtue's.
[5] *Set by*, esteem, value.

47 Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late:
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But, by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The Squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
His dayes in dole doth lead.

1 GREAT God of Love! that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and keasars[1] to thy service bound,
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning[2] so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

2 So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.[3]

[1] *Keasars*, emperors.
[2] *Tyranning*, tyrannizing over.
[3] *Tride*, experienced.

3 So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.[1]

4 The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

5 It was to weet a wilde and salvage man,—
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,—
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape[2]
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin[3] and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

[1] *Assoyle*, dissolve.
[2] *Awhape*, terrify.
[3] *Ravin*, prey.

6 His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke[1] downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught[2] downe to his waste when up he stood.
More great then the eares of elephants by Indus flood.

7 His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore,
For all his haire was like a garment seene[3];
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd[4] in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

8 This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to-rent[5] and scratcht:
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day:
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,

[1] *Poke*, pouch.
[2] *Raught*, reached.
[3] *Was seene*, seemed (*videri*).
[4] *Beath'd*, dried by exposure to fire.
[5] *To-rent*, torn to pieces.

Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

9 For she (deare ladie) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
Herselfe downe soust,[1] she waked out of dread,
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,[2]
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound;
Ne wist whether above she were, or under ground.

10 With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight[3] it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: "Ah! wretched wight,
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight[4]!"

11 "Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread!"
"Unhappy Mayd," then answerd she, "whose dread

[1] *Soust*, thrown.
[2] *Swelt*, died, fainted.
[3] *Mister wight*, manner of person.
[4] *Over-sight*, ed. 1609 *oresight*.

Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
That lives a loathed life, and, wishing, cannot die.

12 "This dismall day hath thee a caytive[1] made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive;
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive[2]:
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, whenever in his powre
He may them catch, unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly devoure.

13 "Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their works, have past through heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one."

14 "Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,"
Quoth she, "of all that ever hath bene knowen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.

[1] *Caytive*, captive.
[2] I. e. will not allow to be performed except in darkness.

But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone[1]?"
"To tell," quoth she, "that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!

15 "But what I was, it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a lord of high degree,
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse
With guilefull Love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unlesse mine eye did faine,[2]
By any ladies side for leman to have laine.

16 "But, for his meannesse[3] and disparagement,[4]
My sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

17 "Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,

[1] *Attone*, together.
[2] *Faine*, deceive.
[3] *Meannesse*, humble condition.
[4] *Disparagement*, inequality of blood.

I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,[1]
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

18 "But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contráry to my thought,
Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind;
Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet, untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia."

19 "Ah! sad Æmylia," then sayd Amoret,
"Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne!
But read[2] to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldome throwne?"
"Through helpe," quoth she, "of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne:
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

20 Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone,
Loe! where the Villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and, rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that none

[1] *Hight*, agreed upon. [2] *Read*, declare.

Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

21 Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not the utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

22 Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,[1]
But over-leapes them all, like robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies:
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She, looking backe, espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight;
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes[2] in salvage chase.

23 Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,

[1] *Staies*, stays for. [2] I. e. the Amazons.

XXI. 3.—*A ghastly gelt.*] *Gelt* is the Irish (and Gaelic) *geilt*, a wild man or woman, a crazy person (Lat. *Celtæ*). This word has hitherto been explained *gelding*. C.

But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned Belphebe with her peares,
The woody Nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the libbards[1] and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

24 It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were;
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare,
Pursuing that faire lady full of feare.
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning[2] laughter mote farre off be rad.[3]

25 Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray:
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

[1] *Libbards*, leopards.
[2] *Grenning*, grinning.
[3] *Rad*, perceived.

XXIII. 6. — *That lovely boy.*] Timias, whom we left with Belphebe at the end of the fifth canto of Book III. C.

26 Thereto[1] the villaine used craft in fight:
For, ever when the Squire his iavelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight,)
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,[2]
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27 Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

28 With that he threw her rudely on the flore,[3]
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,[4]
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarse the Squire his hand could once upreare,
But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,

1 *Thereto*, besides that.
2 *Wroke*, avenged.
3 *Flore*, ground.
4 *Glave*, sword, the club which served him for a sword.

Tracing and traversing, now here, now there ;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to
beare.

29 Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide :
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,[1]
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

30 Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde[2] :
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde[3]
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

31 So well she sped her and so far she ventred,[4]
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,

[1] *Dreriment*, terror.
[2] *Desynde*, directed.
[3] *Tynde*, kindled.
[4] *Ventred*, shot (*aventred*); perhaps only *ventured*.

XXIX. 9. — *Well knowing her*, &c.] The contest is between Lust and Chastity.

Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild[1]
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,[2]
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

32 Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle,
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd[3] his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

33 Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night;
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

[1] *Thrild*, pierced.
[2] *Distraught*, split.
[3] *Admir'd*, wondered at.

34 Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare;
And after her the hag there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue[1] the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35 Thence she them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get:
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36 Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,

[1] *Rue*, pity.

"Is this the faith?" she said, — and said no more.
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

37 He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures utmost proofe:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

38 At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

XXXVI. 8. — "*Is this the faith?*" &c.] An allusion to the anger of Queen Elizabeth, on discovering an intrigue between Sir Walter Raleigh and one of her maids of honor, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, whom he afterwards married; and the solitary life which Timias leads in the woods betokens Sir Walter Raleigh's temporary banishment from court. The wounds inflicted by Timias upon Amoret, while in the grasp of sensual passion (Stanza 26), are to be understood as referring to the same circumstance. H.

39 His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore[1]
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight:
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

40 And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,[2]
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed[3];
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath[4] was to be red.

41 There he continued in this carefull[5] plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,

1 *Forlore*, lost.
2 *Concrew*, grow together.
3 *Unshed*, flowing, *un*loosed.
4 *Uneath*, hardly.
5 *Carefull*, unhappy.

The more his weakened body so to wast :
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

42 For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare lord, Prince Arthure, came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell ;
And, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne[1] ;
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne ;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching sunne.

43 Arriving there, he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And, through long fasting, woxen pale and wan,
All over-growen with rude and rugged haire ;
That albeit his owne dear squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd[2] at all ;
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

44 But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe overcum ;
And unto every thing did aunswere mum :

[1] *Wonne*, dwell. [2] *Aviz'd*, recognized.

And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
He louted[1] lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

45 At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint[2]
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword and try the edges keene;

46 And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likly was his liefest[3] Love to be,
For whom he now so sorely was bestad[4];
Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad,
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.[4]

47 Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,

[1] *Louted*, bowed.
[2] *Usage quaint*, odd behavior.
[3] *Liefest*, dearest.
[4] *Bestad*, situated, circumstanced.
[5] *Blist*, blessed.

Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace:
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

1 WELL said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay[1]
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

2 Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fayre Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penaunce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;

[1] *Delay*, allay.

I. 1. — *Well said the Wiseman*, &c.] "The king's displeasure is a messenger of death." Prov. xvi. 14, Coverdale's translation.

But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme[1] through heat doth languish and decay:

3 Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole[2] he made, there chaunst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolors did devise,[3]
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

4 Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly[4] compyld that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of tigres and of beares.

5 Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne,[5] and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,

1 *Bloosme*, blossom, flower.
2 *Doole*, complaint.
3 I. e. recount his sorrows.
4 *Sensibly*, feelingly.
5 *Wonne*, dwelling.

That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

6 Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments[1] forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

7 The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid;
And, looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

8 But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,

[1] *Miniments*, muniments, memorials.

Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

9 There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did pertake.

10 She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away:
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

11 And ever, when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:

Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

12 Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made her * understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,[1]
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

13 He, her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames procead;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight[2] he was, or what he ment;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

[1] *Agryz'd*, disfigured. [2] *Mister wight*, manner of person.

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* All the editions have *him*.

XII. 6. — *Glib.*] This word is explained by Spenser himself in his "View of the State of Ireland": — "Long glibbes, which is a thicke curled bush of haire hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them." H.

14 Yet nathëmore his meaning she ared,[1]
But wondred much at his so selcouth[2] case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed[3]
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,[4]
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That, being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake:
"Ah! wofull man, what Heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15 "If Heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne;
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne[5]!
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe advise[6];
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise."

16 When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
His sodaine silence[7] which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake:
"Then have they all themselves against me bent!
For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envýing my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

[1] *Ared*, perceived.
[2] *Selcouth*, strange.
[3] I. e. disguised seemliness.
[4] I. e. rank.
[5] *Forlorne*, deprived, robbed.
[6] *Advise*, consider.
[7] I. e. he suddenly broke silence.

17 "Ne any but yourselfe, O dearest Dred,[1]
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displesure, through misdeeming[2] bred:
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!"
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate[3]
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

18 In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare lord,
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride:

19 Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the evill rate[4]

[1] *Dred*, object of reverence.
[2] *Misdeeming*, mistake.
[3] *Mate*, amate, subdue.
[4] *Rate*, allowance.

XIX. 3. — *Æmylia and Amoret, abode.*] These ladies have been patiently "abiding" ever since Timias and Belphebe left them (Canto VII. 37); a long time, as will be seen by reviewing the events which have intervened. C.

Of food, which in her duresse[1] she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse wound
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore astound.[2]

20 Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew,
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,[3]
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone anew.

21 Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell:
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those signes he fond.

[1] *Duresse*, confinement.
[2] *Astound*, stunned, confounded.
[3] *Decay*, death.

XX. 6. — *Pretious liquor.*] See Book I. Canto IX. 19.

22 And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
(No service lothsome to a gentle kind,[1])
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

23 So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And, entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.[2]

24 A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions[3] to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leasings lewdly[4] did miscall[5]
And wickedly backbite: her name men Sclaunder call.

[1] *Kind*, nature, disposition.
[2] *Entyre*, internal.
[3] *Conditions*, qualities.
[4] *Lewdly*, wickedly.
[5] *Miscall*, abuse.

25 Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

26 Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares would pierce the hart,
And wound the soule itselfe with griefe unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

27 Such was that hag, unmeet to host[1] such guests,
Whom greatest princes court would welcome fayne
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,

[1] *Host*, entertain.

And manly limbs endur'd[1] with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

28 Then all that evening, welcommed with cold
And cheerelesse hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,[2]
Regardlesse of that queane, so base and vilde,
To be uniustly blamd and bitterly revilde.

29 Here well I weene, when as these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing[3] with this noble knight;
Sith now-of-dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant lare.[4]

30 But antique Age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,

[1] *Endur'd*, hardened.
[2] *All onely lent*, entirely gave up.
[3] *Conversing*, associating.
[4] *Lare*, lair, retreat, pasture.

Held vertue, for itselfe, in soveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,[1]
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

31 The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcons side;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,[2]
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight,) and, having shortly tride
The traines[3] of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

32 Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

[1] *Regiment*, government.
[2] *Tort*, wrong.
[3] *Traines*, artifices.

XXXI. 6. — *Warre old.*] That is, *worse old*, the older form of *world* being *worild* or *weorold*. This cynical derivation resembles that of *man* from the Saxon *mán*, sin, and is only a little more fantastic. C.

33 And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
But if[1] few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed. —

34 Tho, soone as day discovered heavens face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,[2]
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode,[3] and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth[4] sight, —
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,[5]
The ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

35 Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment.

[1] *But if*, unless.
[2] *Overdight*, covered over.
[3] *Yode*, went.
[4] *Uncouth*, odd.
[5] *Traced*, walked.

XXXIII. 6. — *Glorious flowre.*] Gloriana, or Queen Elizabeth.

That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe; —
The more did she pursue her lewd[1] intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

36 At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone which passed straunger at him threw;
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

37 They, passing forth, kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,[2]
Both for great feeblesse which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare,
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38 At length they spide where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,

[1] *Lewd*, evil. [2] *Stryde*, pace.

Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew:

39 For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close[1] venim doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

40 He all the way did rage at that same squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,[2]
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

41 Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those ladies twaine
From loftie steede, and, mounting in their stead,
Came to that Squire yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:

[1] *Close*, secret. [2] *Rew*, pity.

Who as he gan the same to him aread,[1]
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,[2]
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,[3]
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke re-
prest:

42 Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare[4]:
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse
swowne.

43 Whereat the Prince, full wrath, his strong right
hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:

[1] *Aread*, set forth.
[2] *Prest*, ready.
[3] *Unredrest*, unsuccored.
[4] *Reare*, lift up or off.

XLII. 5. — *Despiteous dreare.*] If *dreare* is interpreted as usual, this phrase means spiteful sadness, which may be turned into sad spite. One is tempted to explain *dreare* fall, according to the primitive meaning of the Saxon verb *dreóran?* C.

XLII. 7. — *Covering reare.*] See Book I. Canto VII. 34.

And sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish[1] him long space.

44 But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune[2] that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse[3] thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might:
But, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child[4] with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the proofe thereof and it avoyded light.

45 But, ere his hand he could recure[5] againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,[6]
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously, that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground;
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound,
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
His soul descended downe into the Stygian reame.[7]

46 Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same Dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,

[1] *Astonish*, stun.
[2] *Mahoune*, Mahomet.
[3] *Souse*, downward sweep.
[4] *Child*, youth.
[5] *Recure*, recover.
[6] *Stound*, moment, exigency.
[7] *Reame*, realm.

And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47 "This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have slaine,
Of an huge geauntesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

48 "Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and cáptived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

49 "Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pœana; who seemes outwardly

So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie:
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

50 "So, as it fell, there was a gentle squire
That lov'd a ladie of high parentage;
But, for[1] his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage[2]:
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,[3]
But, firmely following her first intent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51 "So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case[4]
Him chaunst; instead of his Æmylia faire,
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire[5]
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
And, all dismayd through mercilesse[6] despaire,
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

[1] *For*, because.
[2] *Disparage*, unequal match, disparagement.
[3] *Gage*, pledge.
[4] *Disaventrous case*, unlucky accident.
[5] *Laire*, lair (lea), plain.
[6] I. e. that had no hope of mercy.

52 "This Gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of Low Degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

53 "He, though affide unto a former Love,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing least, if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

54 "Yet so much favour she to him hath hight[1]
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space[2]
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place:
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling[3] base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,[4]
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

[1] *Hight*, granted.
[2] *Space*, roam.
[3] *Dearling*, favorite.
[4] I. e. to liberty.

55 "Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
Myselfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reveale,[1]
And told his dame her Squire of Low Degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee,
For never two so like did living creature see.

56 "Then was I taken and before her brought;
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new:
Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

57 "There did I finde mine onely[2] faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie:
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie;
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby;
For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

[1] *Reveale*, discover. [2] I. e. above all others.

58 " But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and misthought[1]
Of our like persons, eath[2] to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedome might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-rul'd at last, he did to me agree.[3]

59 " The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre:
Insteed of whom forth came I, Placidas,
And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pœana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd,[4] vowing great love to mee.

60 " Which I, that was not bent to former love,
As was my friend that had her long refusd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And, after, promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd

[1] *Misthought*, mistake.
[2] *Eath*, easy.
[3] *Agree*, consent, yield.
[4] *Accoyd*, soothed, caressed.

To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie[1] I love and life did stake.

61 "Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

62 "Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathëmore would I
Forgoe the purchase[2] of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away."
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

63 Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidas,
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and, him with streight[3] embras
Enfolding, said: "And lives yet Amyas?"

[1] I. e. for whose liberty alone.
[2] *Purchase*, acquisition.
[3] *Streight*, close.

"He lives," quoth he, "and his Æmylia loves."
"Then lesse," said she, "by all the woe I pas,[1]
With which my weaker patience fortune proves:
But what mishap thus long him fro myselfe removes?"

64 Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie:
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd; as shall appeare by his event.

[1] *Pas*, set, care for.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of Low Degree, releast,
Æmylia takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

1 HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,[1]
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind.

2 For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame;
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse,
And them with maystring[2] discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.

[1] *Deeme*, decide. [2] *Maystring*, mastering.

Arg. 2. — *Æmylia.*] *Pœana* in all the editions, but the reader will soon see that it is not the Squire of Low Degree, but his friend Placidas, who marries Pœana.

For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame;
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

3 All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these squires true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
For though Pœana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire[1] with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

4 Now, after that Prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad;
He gan advise[2] how best he mote darrayne[3]
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And, having ympt[4] the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmely bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

[1] I. e. Placidas.
[2] *Advise*, consider.
[3] *Darrayne*, conduct.
[4] *Ympt*, grafted, joined.

III. 9. — *She herselfe her syre.*] By allowing his prisoner to leave his place of confinement.

5 Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were;
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approched neare:
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He, running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing[1] in together far'd.

6 There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pœana playing on a rote,[2]
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote;
Till, better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht,[3] and captive held by might.

7 Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide:
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the squire upstaide,
She weened well that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide:

[1] *Ensuing*, following.
[2] *Rote*, lute (not a hurdy-gurdy, and not from *rota*, wheel).
[3] *Attacht*, seized.

But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile;
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.[1]

8 Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that Squire of Low Degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.

9 Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ran,
And, him embracing, fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
That faire Pæana, them beholding both,
Gan both envý, and bitterly to ban[2];
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were loth.[3]

10 But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene

[1] *Baile*, deliver.
[2] *Ban*, curse.
[3] I. e. loth to see.

VIII. 9. — *Not like himselfe to bee.*] "Not like ever to be himself again." — UPTON. Or simply, not to appear like himself.

Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.[1]

11 And eke the Prince when as he them avized,[2]
Their like resemblaunce much admired[3] there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
She had them made a paragone[4] to be;
Or whether it through skill or errour were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he;
So did the other knights and squires which them did see.

12 Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious[5] powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast[6] spoile.

[1] I. e. "which was which."
[2] *Avized*, considered.
[3] *Admired*, wondered at.
[4] I. e. a match, a copy of this pattern.
[5] *Tortious*, wrongful.
[6] *Purchast*, acquired.

13 And, for more ioy, that captive lady faire,
The faire Pæana, he enlarged [1] free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frollicke; nathëmore would she
Shew ġladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of lordship with both land and fee [2];
But most she touched was with griefe entire [3]
For losse of her new Love, the hope of her desire.

14 But her the Prince, through his well-wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsive,[4] which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes [5] and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,[6]
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

15 And, for to shut up [7] all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefe,[8]
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe

1 *Enlarged*, set at liberty.
2 *Fee*, property.
3 *Entire*, sincere.
4 *Corsive*, corrosive.
5 *Thewes*, manners, behavior.
6 I. e. of a fine complexion.
7 *Shut up*, conclude.
8 *Liefe*, dearly.

Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted [1] all their strife.

16 From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate [2]:
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state:
And she, whom nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

17 Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde [3]
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest;
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest; *
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

18 Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond:

[1] *Stinted*, ended.
[2] *Debate*, strife.
[3] *Compylde*, composed, settled.

* All the editions have *guest*.

But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing herselfe all soly[1] succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

19 But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,[2]
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That, all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly;
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privity.

20 At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,[3]
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they from whom false Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

21 Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto ladies love would lend no leasure:

[1] *Soly*, solely, alone.
[2] *Forstall*, intercept, check.
[3] *Beseemed*, seemed fit for.

XX. 7. — *By Braggadochio.*] Canto V. 26, 27.

The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove:
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,[1]
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

22 But those two other, which beside them stoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable[2] stoure,[3]
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive:

23 As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare Love by Neptune hent,[4]
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure
Upon the sea to wreake his full intent;
They, breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of heaven, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore;
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

[1] *Threasure*, value.
[2] *Impacable*, that would not be appeased.
[3] *Stoure*, assault.
[4] *Hent*, taken.

XXIII. 2. — *By Neptune hent.*] One of the daughters of Æolus is said to have been carried off by Neptune. H.

24 Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneyment of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together; where, through lewd upbraide
Of Atè and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout:

25 For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,[1]
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneath[2] they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

26 There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide[3]:
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contráry courses sew,[4]
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

[1] *Recoure*, recover.
[2] *Uneath*, with difficulty.
[3] *Relide* (Fr. *relier*), joined himself.
[4] *Sew*, pursue.

27 Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,[1]
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out-sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee.

28 Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton Maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,[2]
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,[3]
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,[4]
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29 Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
Against those two let drive, as they were wood[5]:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

[1] *Fare*, proceed.
[2] *Bewraide*, discovered.
[3] *Upbraide*, injury, insult.
[4] *Fordonne*, undone.
[5] *Wood*, frantic.

30 The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone[1];
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone[2]:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged[3] one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That the other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

31 Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance[4] move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove:
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored[5] beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast, —
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

32 Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,
And, thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,[6]
Divided them, however loth to rest;

[1] *Attone*, at once.
[2] *Fone*, foes.
[3] *Surcharged*, assaulted with superior force.
[4] *Emparlance*, parley.
[5] *Engored*, pierced, wounded.
[6] *Preace*, press.

And would them faine[1] from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace:

33 But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare:
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,[2]
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
First from one coast,[3] till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet[4];
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.[5]

34 But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till, seeing them through suffrance hartned[6] more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

35 But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,[7]
Had not those two him instantly[8] desired

1 *Faine*, desire.
2 *Stie*, rise, go.
3 *Coast*, side.
4 *Fleet*, float.
5 *Weet*, wet.
6 *Hartned*, encouraged.
7 *Prise*, price: how dear they must pay for it.
8 *Instantly*, urgently.

T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise[1]:
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them[2] to devise;
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske; who all that passed gan repeat;

36 And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private Loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read[3] the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge[4] soone assoyled,[5]
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft,
(As they supposd,) but her had to her liking left.

37 To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied:
"Certes, Sir Knights, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise[6] ever yeelded,
That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully have wielded."

[1] *Mesprise*, contempt.
[2] *List them*, they pleased.
[3] *Read*, declare.
[4] *Challenge*, charge.
[5] *Assoyled*, cleared herself of.
[6] *Franchise*, liberty.

38 "And yet," quoth she, "a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former Love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell[1] cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour then, sighing deepe, thus saide:
"Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide[2]:

39 "For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never ioyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre[3]
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;

[1] *Travell*, travail, labor.
[2] *Waide*, weighed, endured (?).
[3] *Stowre*, disturbance.

XXXVIII. 1.—"*And yet*," &c.] From this and the following stanza it would seem that neither Scudamour nor Britomart knew that Amoret was of their company; and yet in the third and fourth stanzas of the next canto Scudamour speaks of Amoret as in his presence. Upton suggests, by way of explanation, that Scudamour at first does not see Amoret, who was left at some distance when Prince Arthur came forward to separate the combatants, and that there is a chasm between the thirty-ninth and fortieth stanzas, in which Spenser intended to introduce, with some alterations, those stanzas describing the happy meeting between Scudamour and Amoret, which originally appeared at the end of the third book. H.

That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

* * * * *

40 Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake:
"Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull[1] paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That, as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire ladies love: past perils well apay.[2]"

41 So gan the rest him likewise to require:
But Britomart did him impórtune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which sith they cannot in this canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

1 *Dislikefull*, disagreeable.
2 *Apay*, satisfy, please: it is pleasant to tell over perils past.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd;
And Lovers life forth set.

1 "TRUE he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound;
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony, therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound[1];
That I too true by triall have approved;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

2 "And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their setled mindes remove,
But seeme, gainst common sence, to them most sweet;
As bosting[2] in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my Love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

[1] *Redound*, exist in excess.

[2] I. e. as if they exulted.

3 "Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this Shield of Love I late have wonne,
And purchased[1] this peerelesse Beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne:
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,[2]
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

4 "What time the fame of this renowmed prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest;
I, having armes then taken, gan avise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,[3]
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold,)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she[4] whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

5 "So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,[5]
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt.[6]

1 *Purchased*, obtained.
2 *Free*, gracious.
3 *Gest*, enterprise.
4 I. e. Amoret.
5 *Guilt*, gilt.
6 *Spilt*, inlaid.

6 "And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices [1] most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,[2]
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious corbes [3] and pendants graven faire,
And, arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guize:

7 "And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine [4] to force or wrong:
And therein wonned [5] twenty valiant knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

8 "Before that castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
On which this Shield, of many sought in vaine,
The Shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced [6];
Blessed the man that well can use his blis:
Whose ever be the Shield, faire Amoret be his.

[1] *Delices*, delights.
[2] *Fare*, passage.
[3] *Corbes*, curves: perhaps, corbels.
[4] *Faine*, desire, attempt.
[5] *Wonned*, dwelled.
[6] *Enchaced*, set off.

9 "Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,[1]
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to proofe,
And bravely mounted, to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

10 "Whom boldly I encountred as I could,
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,[2]
And left them groning there upon the plaine.
Then, preacing[3] to the pillour, I repeated
The read[4] thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And, taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

11 "So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the bridges utter[5] gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answred to my clame[6]:
Yet I perséver'd still to knocke and call;
Till at the last I spide within the same

[1] *Earne*, yearn.
[2] *Entreated*, treated.
[3] *Preacing*, pressing.
[4] *Read*, motto.
[5] *Utter*, outer.
[6] *Clame*, shout.

Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

12 "That was to weet the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent[1]:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backeward bent,
Therein resembling Ianus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate[2] of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

13 "On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly;
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there, in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

14 "Me whenas he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide:
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,

[1] *Lent*, intrusted. [2] *Ingate*, in-coming, beginning.

And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render[1] may.

15 "But by no meanes my way I would forslow[2]
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But, from my lofty steede dismounting low,
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I recken may;
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workmans will.

16 "Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate:
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would:

17 "His name was Daunger, dreaded over all[3];
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from fortunes faire adward[4]:

[1] *Render*, restore.
[2] *Forslow*, retard.
[3] *Over all*, everywhere.
[4] *Adward*, award.

For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard:
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

18 "Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.[1]

19 "But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,[2]
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he saw, the glaive[3] which he did wield
He gan forthwith t' avale,[4] and way unto me yield.

20 "So as I entred, I did backeward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie hidden there;
And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull ugly were,

[1] *Kaies*, keys.
[2] *Lout*, bow.
[3] *Glaive*, sword.
[4] *Avale*, lower.

Then all his former parts did earst appere:
For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
With many moe, lay in ambúshment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse[1] wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

21 "Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that islands space;
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,[2]
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace:
For all that Nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art, playing second Natures part, supplyed it.

22 "No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest iuniper to ceder tall:
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,[3]
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itselfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

23 "In sush luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,[4]

[1] *Warelesse*, unwary.
[2] *Doome*, judgment.
[3] *Over all*, everywhere.
[4] I. e. to the conception.

So lavishly enricht with natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free:

24 "Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low-looking dales, disloignd[1] from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze[2];
All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

25 "And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,[3]
And shadie seates, and sundry* flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes:
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praysing their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.[4]

[1] *Disloignd*, removed.
[2] *Daze*, dazzle, confound.
[3] *Pight*, placed.
[4] *Balkt*, interfered with.

* This is probably a misprint for *sunny*, as Upton suggests.

26 "All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent;
Which loved not as these, for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.[1]

27 "Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
Trew Ionathan, and David trustie tryde;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare[2];
Pylades, and Orestes by his syde;
Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

28 "Which when as I, that never tasted blis
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,

[1] *Aspire*, aim at. [2] *Feare*, companion.

XXVII. 5. — Gesippus became poor, and thought himself despised by his friend Titus; hence, growing weary of life, he gave out that he was a murderer. But Titus, knowing him and desiring to save the life of his friend, charged himself with the murder; which the very murderer seeing, as there he stood among the multitude, confessed the deed. By which means all three were saved: and Titus gave his sister in marriage to Gesippus, with the most part of his goods and inheritance. Boccaccio, Dec. X. 8. UPTON.

I thought there was none other heaven then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envýe,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
Whilest I, through paines and perlous ieopardie.
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.

29 "Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Whereas my Love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

30 "Not that same famous temple of Diáne,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds Seven Wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that which that wise king of Iurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almighties see[1];
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

31 "I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;

[1] *See*, seat.

But therein sate an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant[1] shewed great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre[2]; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught[3] full low adowne.

32 "On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrárie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

33 "Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely[4] band:
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

[1] *Semblant*, appearance.
[2] *Tyre*, attire.
[3] *Raught*, reached.
[4] *Lovely*, loving.

34 "Concord she cleeped[1] was in common reed,[2]
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herselfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew;
Of litle much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

35 "By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almightie Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

36 "By her I, entring, halfe dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,

[1] *Cleeped*, called. [2] *Reed*, speech.

XXXV. 6. — *And hell them quight.*] If these words are allowed to stand, they must be explained *and hell requite them*, that is, be the end of all things. By reading *mell them quight* (mix, confound them utterly) an excellent sense might be obtained. C.

Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned[1];
And th' other eke his malice did empeach,[2]
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

37 "Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

38 "An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight[3];
For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.[4]

39 "Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,[5]

[1] I. e. with difficulty restrained.
[2] *Empeach*, prevent.
[3] *Hight*, committed.
[4] *Dight*, dressed.
[5] *Masse*, material.

Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull [1] brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay, it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,[2]
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and brickle,[3] likest glasse did seeme.

40 "But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other idoles which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

41 "The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,

[1] *Durefull*, enduring.
[2] *Esteeme*, to estimate, to be valued.
[3] *Brickle*, brittle.

XL. 4. *Phidias did make*, &c.] It was with a statue of Venus at Cnidus, made by Praxiteles, that a youth fell in love. This was the first statue of Venus which was made without drapery.

XL. 7. — *A slender veile afore.*] In this description of the statue of Venus, as well as in the circumstance of her priests being clothed in linen, we recognize the traits of the Egyptian Isis, who, like Venus in the mythology of the Greeks, typifies the productive energy of Nature. H.

Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds[1] in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is herselfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

42 "And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid, their eldest brother: he enioyes
The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

43 "And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts[2] of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,[3]
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through loves constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill:

[1] *Kinds*, natures, sexes.
[2] *Sorts*, companies.
[3] I. e. of the disdain of those they loved.

XLI. 6. — *Both kinds in one.*] There was a statue of Venus of this description in the island of Cyprus. H.

44 "'Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
The ioy of gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds, doe feare;
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous cheare:

45 "'Then doth the dædale[1] earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the paramours:
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

46 "'Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
The lyons rore; the tygres loudly bray;
The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
And, breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:

[1] *Dædale*, fruitful (in invention).

XLIV. 1. — *Great Venus*, &c.] An imitation of the opening of the great poem of Lucretius.

So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

47 "'So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great god of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse:
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!'

48 "So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on hye.

49 "The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best:
Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
By her sad semblant[1] and demeanure wyse:

[1] *Sad semblant*, grave appearance.

For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

50 "And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,[1]
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

51 "And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence;
Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offence.

52 "Thus sate they all around in seemely rate[2]:
And in the midst of them a goodly Mayd
(Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,

[1] *Desse*, dais, the elevated floor on which she sat.
[2] *Rate*, manner.

With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itselfe bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues grace.

53 "Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
And wade[1] in doubt what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

54 "Thereat that formost matrone[2] me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over-bold;
Saying it was to knight unseemely shame.
Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus: Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold;
For ill your goddesse services are drest[3]
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

55 "With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld;
On which when Cupid with his killing bow

[1] *Wade*, struggle.
[2] I. e. Womanhood.
[3] *Drest*, performed.

And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged held,
(Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle,[1])
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

56 "And evermore upon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And, nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

57 "She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same ladie,[2] which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

58 "No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,

[1] I. e. the water in which she has taken refuge.
[2] I. e. Concord.

That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead.
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure[1]
His leman from the Stygian princes boure.[2]
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure[3]:
Thus safely with my Love I thence did wend."
So ended he his tale; where I this canto end.

[1] *Recoure*, recover.
[2] *Boure*, dwelling.
[3] *Stoure*, assault.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thamës doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

1 But ah! for pittie that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne!
Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captív'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

2 Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

II. 1. — *Here neede you*, &c.] See Book III. Canto VIII. 41.

3 Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her levers which would her have reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping, griesly all begor'd.

4 And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway
(Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,[1]
But thought it all one night, that did no houres divide.

5 And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse!)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse[2];
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,[3]
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

[1] *Descride*, distinguished.
[2] *Pryse*, price, pay for.
[3] *Ywroke*, avenged.

6 Yet farre and neare the Nymph, his mother, sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight,)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight,[1]
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

7 So well that leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall:
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.[2]

8 It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.

[1] *Behight*, promised. [2] *Over all*, everywhere.

VI. 5. — *At last to Tryphon*, &c.] Compare Book III. Canto IV. 43. C.

VIII. 3. — Spenser speaks in the year 1580 of a poem (*Epithalamion Tamesis*) which he had already written on this subject, the marriage of the Thames. C.

Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

9 So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most[1] and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,[2]
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade:
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

10 Helpe therefore, O thou sacred Imp[3] of Iove,
The nourseling of Dame Memorie his Deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

[1] *Most*, greatest.
[2] *Trade*, pass to and fro, dwell.
[3] *Imp*, child.

X. 1. — *Sacred Imp of Iove.*] Clio, the Muse of History, the daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, or Memory. H.

11 First came great Neptune, with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,[1]
Under his diademe imperiall:
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.

12 These marched farre afore the other crew:
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame:

13 Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood:
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became

[1] *Apace*, quickly, copiously.

XIII. 1. — *Phorcys*, &c.] Phorcys was the father of the Gorgons, the Dragon of the Hesperides, and other monsters; in the conquest of whom, the valor of Perseus, Hercules, and others was displayed. H.

A god of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend[1];
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

14 The rich Cteatus, and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor, and Caïcus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx; and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

15 There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest,
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest:
And Inachus renowmd above the rest;
Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old;

[1] *Unkend*, unknown.

XIII. 5. — *Through his mad mothers blame.*] Ino threw herself, with her son Melicerta, into the sea, to escape the insane fury of her husband, Athamas. Melicerta became a sea-god, called Palemon. It should be "mad *father's* blame," to conform to the story.

XIII. 8. — *Of his kin.*] His sister Alcippe. The discovery was made by means of a ring, and Astræus drowned himself in a river, which received his name. H.

XIV. 9. — *And sad Asopus.*] *Sad* Asopus, because Jupiter carried away and defloured his daughter Ægina: and when he endeavored to regain her, Jupiter struck him with thunder. UPTON.

Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine Islands hold:

16 For Albion the sonne of Neptune was;
Who, for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped[1] France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance[2]
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might:
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

17 But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild[3]?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed age:*
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

18 Next came the aged Ocean and his dame,
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest;

[1] *Cleeped*, called.
[2] *Advance*, boast.
[3] *Hild*, held.

XVI. 3. — See the story in Holinshed, Book I. Ch. 3.
* Obviously required for rhyme. The old editions have *times*.

For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed; then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing himselfe and teaching others to doe right.

19 Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the gods unfold;
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild: nathlesse he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and toy.

20 And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;

XIX. 2. — *Ledden of the gods.*] *Leden*, Anglo-Saxon for *Latin*. Latin, in the Middle Ages, was used for any language that was not understood, and most commonly for the noise of birds. (Dante, Canz. I. 11; Chaucer, C. T. v. 10749; Roman de Renart, v. 13946; Gott. v. Strasburg, Tristan, v. 17365, etc.) C.

XX. 4. — *Springs from the skie.*] The source of the Rhone is in the central and highest part of Switzerland. H.

Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood;

21 Great Ganges; and immortall Eúphrates;
Deepe Indus; and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus; and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhene; and Alpheus still immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy,[1] though but knowen late;
And that huge river, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possesse the same.

22 Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O Men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold!

[1] I. e. Orinoco.

XXI. 4. — *Alpheus still immaculate.*] Alluding to the classical fable that the river Alpheus flowed from Peloponnesus to Sicily through the sea, without any mingling of salt water. H.

XXI. 5. — *Ooraxes.*] Cyrus crossed the Araxes when he went upon his fatal expedition against Tomyris, queen of the Massagetæ. H.

XXI. 9. — *Of warlike Amazons.*] Orellana, the discoverer of the Amazon, called it by that name, or the river of the Amazons, from seeing some armed women on its banks. H.

XXII. 5. — *Land of gold.*] Probably Guiana. This part of

But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof itselfe hath sold;
The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

23 Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse[1]: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from pirates vew,
Stood still by him, astonisht at his lore,[2]
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

24 So went he playing on the watery plaine:
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine.
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;

[1] *Spouse*, bridegroom (anciently used only of the *man*).
[2] I. e. his skill.

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the poem was published soon after Sir Walter Raleigh's unsuccessful expedition to that country in 1595, and Spenser here endeavors to promote the wishes of his friend, who was desirous of having another expedition fitted out. This continued to be a favorite scheme of his through life. H.

XXIII. 3.— *Arion crownd.*] The crown was a part of his habit as minstrel.

Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld,[1] that scarce her way could see.

25 Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which pained
Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway.

26 And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double noursery
Of arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.

27 But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet[2] hew,

[1] *Eld*, age. [2] *Watchet*, blue.

XXVI 7.—*Elder sisters broode.*] The University of Cambridge.

On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen[1] whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like[2] to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.[3]

28 Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to Ioves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant.[4]
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,[5]
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.[6]

29 And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet; and the Thetis gray;
The morish[7] Cole; and the soft-sliding Breane;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;

1 *Weenen*, ween, judge.
2 I. e. a thing like.
3 *Fret*, band, border.
4 *Turribant*, turban.
5 *Troynovant*, London.
6 *Resiant*, resident.
7 *Morish*, moorish, marshy.

XXVIII. 9.—*Her kingdomes throne.*] Her should be *his*, or else must be understood to mean the Faerie Queene's. CHURCH.

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

30 Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout[1]:
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

31 There was the speedy Tamar, which devides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines:
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants[1] with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

32 And there came Stoure with terrible aspéct,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.

[1] *Lout*, bend. [2] *Adamants*, Bristol diamonds.

Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling[1] mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thamis he overtake.

33 Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The easterne Saxons from the southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they ruffins call.

34 Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle muse and many a learned wit.

35 And after him the fatall Welland went,
That, if old sawes prove true, (which God forbid!)

[1] *Nousling*, burrowing (making its way with its nozle).

XXXV. 2.— *Old sawes.*] A pretended prophecy of Merlin.

Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames[1]
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

36 Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever[2] they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land[3]
And Albany[4]: and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned[5] on his strand.

37 Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned[6] there where now Yorke people dwell:
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,

1 *Enseames*, incloses.
2 *Gualsever*, wall of Severus.
3 *Logris land*, England.
4 *Albany*, Scotland.
5 *Tyned*, perished.
6 *Wonned*, dwelt.

XXXV. 3. — *Holland.*] "The Welland rises in Rutlandshire, and, passing by Stamford, runs into Lincolnshire, and empties itself into the sea near the southeast part of the county, which is called *Holland*." — CHURCH.

High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

38 But past not long, ere Brutus warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date[1]
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome[2] repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched[3] them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition[4] yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

39 These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend:
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

40 Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were:
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?

[1] *Date*, debt.
[2] *Dome*, doom.
[3] *Drenched*, drowned.
[4] *Condition*, quality.

They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according[1] their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage cuntreis thorough which they pace.

41 There was the Liffy, rolling downe the lea;
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian;
The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitfull Ban;
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water; and the Liffar deep;
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran;
Strong Allo, tombling from Slewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

42 And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheüsa wandring there:
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewbloome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which, being thenceforth powrd,
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

[1] *According*, according to.

XLI. 8. — *Strong Allo.*] "Sometimes Spenser confounds the Blackwater with the Allo, which last river does not run near Slieve-logher mountains." Smith, Hist. of Cork, II. 256. — The Mulla is the Awbeg. C.

43 The first the gentle Shure, that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepontè boord[1];
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosóme:
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44 There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon, crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee, that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his devided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood:
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service, as to them befell.

45 Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare[2]
And uncouth[3] fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here and theare
With glittering spangs[4] that did like starres appeare,

[1] *Boord*, form a boundary (?). The sense *sport* is not consistent with *stubborne*.
[2] *Geare*, style.
[3] *Uncouth*, strange.
[4] *Spangs*, spangles.

XLIV. 1.— *The wide embayed Mayre.*] Remarkable for its bays, according to Camden. UPTON.

And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,[1]
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd itselfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

46 Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.[2]

47 On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane;
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her way.

48 And after these the Sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call.

[1] *Water chamelot*, watered camlet. [2] *Adore*, adorn.

All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto; milde Eucratè; Thetis faire;
Soft Spio; sweete Eudorè; Sao sad;
Light Doto; wanton Glaucè; and Galenè glad;

49 White-hand Eunica; proud Dynamenè;
Ioyous Thalia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithee; kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoë; and sweete Melitè;
Fairest Pherusa; Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agavè; Poris; and Nesæa;
With Erato, that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa,
And snowy-neckd Doris, and milke-white Galathæa;

50 Speedy Hippothoë, and chaste Actea;
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage;
Evagorè, and light Pontoporea;
And she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè; and stout Autonoë;
And Neso; and Eione well in age;
And seeming still to smile, Glauconomè;
And she that hight of many heastes[1] Polynomè;

51 Fresh Alimeda, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedia, like the christall sheene;

[1] *Hight of many heastes*, was called from her many names.

Liagorè, much praisd for wise behests,
And Psamathè, for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo; Eupompè; and Themistè iust;
And she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Evarna; and Menippè true in trust;
And Nemertea, learned well to rule her lust.[1]

52 All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but* Ioves and Phœbus kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

53 The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckeless Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto an other canto I will overpas.

[1] *Lust*, inclination.

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* Qu. *both?*

LIII. 7.—*Cymodocè.*] Or Cymoent, as she is called, Book III. Canto IV.

CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.

1 O, WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne[1] in th' azure sky!
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

2 Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.[2]
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unred:

[1] *Wonne*, dwell. [2] *Red*, told.

For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

3 All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

4 But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disaventrous case.[1]

5 Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one

[1] I. e. happened to him an unfortunate adventure.

V. 2. — *Of one.*] This is Florimel, who was imprisoned by Proteus, Book III. Canto VIII. 41. H.

That piteously complaind her carefull[1] grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:—

6 "Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen, being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For Heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

7 "Yet loe! the seas I see by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes; and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but, when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

[1] *Carefull*, sorrowful.

8 "And when my weary ghost, with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is, to him that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest!"
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:—

9 "Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme[1] me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,[2]
And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

10 "But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare Love beloved be:
And if he shall through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two:
So had I rather to be thrall then free;
Such thraldome, or such freedome, let it surely be.

[1] *Deeme*, adjudge. [2] *Attone*, at once.

11 "But O vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points[1] unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me:
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee!"
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.

12 All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care[2]
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,[3]
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

13 Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage[4] mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:

[1] *Points*, appoints.
[2] *Care*, grief.
[3] *Misfare*, misfortune.
[4] *Courage*, heart.

Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.[1]

14 Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine:
Then gan he thinke perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke[2] againe.

15 Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet, without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

16 At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,
Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne himselfe by every evill name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame,

[1] *Rew*, pity. [2] *Forthinke*, think better of, repent.

Which him had sought through trouble and long strife,
Yet had refusde a god that her had sought to wife.

17 In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,
And still bemoning her unworthy[1] paine:
Like as an hynde whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.[2]

18 And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,[3]
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort:
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But, her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many[4] all the way;
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

19 Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight
He gan record[5] the lamentable stowre[6]
In which his wretched Love lay day and night,

[1] *Unworthy*, undeserved.
[2] I. e. object of her cares.
[3] *Short*, quick.
[4] *Many*, company.
[5] *Record*, recall.
[6] *Stowre*, distress.

For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weepe;

20 That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded[1] quight:
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might.
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or move.

21 Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,[2]
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
To see an helpelesse evill double griefe doth lend.

22 Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister[3] maladie it is,

[1] *Deaded*, died away.
[2] *Teene*, sorrow.
[3] *Mister*, kind of.

Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

23 Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld[1] the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent[2];
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

24 But that it was some other maladie,
Or griefe unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,[3]
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was nought.

[1] *Fayld*, deceived.
[2] *Lent*, pledged.
[3] *Earne*, yearn.

25 Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo, king of leaches, brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by[1] out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

26 Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,[2]
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve[3];
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his Love he chose.

27 Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,[4]
That warned him of womens love beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

[1] *By and by*, at once.
[2] *Shrieve*, shrive, act the confessor to him.
[3] *Mieve*, move.
[4] *Read*, advice.

28 Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a Mayd;
(It's late, in death, of daunger to advize[1];
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd[2];)
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.[3]

29 To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Maiestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

30 To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus:
"Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us:
For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole soveraine:
Read, therefore, who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine:
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought."

[1] *Advize*, consider.
[2] *Denayd*, denied.
[3] *Enterprize*, undertake, achieve.

31 To whom she answerd: "Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift,[1] the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative:
Therefore I humbly crave your Maiestie
It to replevie,[2] and my sonne reprive[3]:
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

32 He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Under the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd
Which, wandring on his seas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

33 Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell:
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, — as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell, —
And was right ioyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.[4]

[1] *Waift*, waif.
[2] *Replevie*, reclaim for your own.
[3] *Reprive*, rescue.
[4] I. e. in a sad plight

34 Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,[1]
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

35 Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest Love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

[1] *Tine*, injury, violence.

THE FIFTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF IUSTICE.

1 So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare;
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse;
And, being once amisse, growes daily wourse and wourse:

2 For from the golden age, that first was named,
It 's now at earst[1] become a stonie one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,

[1] I. e. at length.

Are now transformed into hardest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

3 Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique use[1] which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

4 For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,[2]
And so doe make contrárie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

5 For whoso list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,

[1] *Use*, custom. [2] *Pight*, placed.

V. 1. — *For whoso list*, &c.] In this and the succeeding stanza, the effects of the precession of the equinoxes are correctly stated.

Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much ; that plaine appeares:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:

6 And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two Twinnes of Iove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemœan Lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at randon rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray;
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

7 Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other spheres:

The points where the ecliptic cuts the equator have a retrograde motion from east to west of about fifty seconds in a year. The equinoctial points were first fixed in the time of Hipparchus, since which time they have gone back nearly thirty degrees, which is the space occupied by each sign in the zodiac, so that the sun is now in the constellation Aries at the period of the year when he was formerly in Taurus, in Taurus when he was formerly in Gemini, &c. H.

For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

8 And if to those Ægyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read[1] were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

9 For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd

[1] *Star-read*, knowledge of the stars.

VII. 8. — *Nigh thirtie minutes*, &c.] This refers to the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic, by which the sun recedes from the pole, and approaches the equator. The quantity of this diminution, however, is incorrectly stated, and it is probable that "thirtie" is a misprint for *thirteen*, which was very nearly the exact amount in Spenser's time. H.

VIII. 5. — *Foure times*, &c.] Herodotus states that the priests of Egypt informed him that the sun had, during the space of eleven thousand three hundred and forty years, four times altered his regular course, having been twice observed to rise where he now sets, and to go down twice where he now rises. H.

Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets sound;
Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beasts:
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts:

10 Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.[1]
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his owne seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11 Dread soverayne Goddesse, that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement in th' Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,[2]
As thy great iustice praysed over all;
The instrument whereof, loe here thy Artegall.

[1] *Bedight*, arranged, ordered. [2] *Read*, subject.

XI. 1.—*Dread soverayne Goddesse*, &c.] Addressed to Queen Elizabeth. H.

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His Ladies bloud embrewed.

1 THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe intreat,[1]
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient[2] base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

2 Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' east, before untam'd, did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne:
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne,

[1] *Intreat*, treat. [2] *Sient*, scion.

And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

3 And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The Champion of true Iustice, Artegall:
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure which did them befall
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed dame
Whom a strong tyrant did uniustly thrall,
And from the heritage which she did clame
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto[1] was his name.

4 Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse:
That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

[1] I. e. Great Wrong.

III. 2. — *Artegall.*] Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and to whom Spenser was Secretary. H.

IV. 1. — *Irena.*] Irena, or Irene, is an anagram of *Ierne*, the ancient name of Ireland. CHURCH.

5 For Artegall in iustice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa, with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie:
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

6 Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport;
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde
To wend with her: so thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exilde,
In which she noursled him, till yeares he raught;
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

7 There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needs with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience

VI. 7. — *Into a cave*, &c.] The allegory means that meditation and philosophy are requisite for a lawgiver. Upton.

Upon wyld beasts which she in woods did find
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

8 Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast,[1] much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull[2] hand,
Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand:

9 Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Ioves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven; Chrysaor[3] it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Iove those gyants quelled:

10 For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame:
For there no substance was so firme and hard,

[1] *Heast*, hest, injunction.
[2] *Wreakfull*, avenging.
[3] I. e. Golden Sword.

But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.[1]

11 Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space[2]
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes which nightly we doe see
The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next herselfe her righteous ballance[3] hanging bee.

12 But when she parted hence she left her groome,[4]
An yron man,[5] which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood and did truth unfould.

[1] *Shard*, sheared, cut.
[2] *Space*, walk.
[3] Plural, as often in Spenser.
[4] *Groome*, servant.
[5] I. e. Power.

XI. 8. — *Sixt in her degree.*] From the fourteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth, the year began on the 25th of March; hence August, in which the sun enters the constellation Virgo, was the sixth month.

13 He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed:
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorowfull sad tyne[1]
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

14 To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour[2] die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And, flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that dame so fouly dight,[3]
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

15 "Ah! woe is me, and well away," quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
"That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke[4];
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke,—
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame."

[1] *Tyne*, wrong, misfortune.
[2] *Discolour*, party-color.
[3] *Dight*, treated.
[4] *Pranke*, mischievous or malicious act.

16 " Who was it then," sayd Artegall, " that wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
" A knight," said he, " if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre Love whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This lucklesse ladie which now here doth headlesse lie.

17 " He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye,
So did the ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her out of sight.

18 " Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And, on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die:
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my Love away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his and mine owne Love to morne."

19 "Aread," sayd he; "which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?"
"To hope," quoth he, "him soone to overtake.
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And, as I marked, bore upon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield."

20 No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that knight,)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

21 He bad him stay and backe with him retire;
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft[1] require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo;
And streight at him with all his force did go:
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stonës throw;

[1] *Eft*, at once.

XX. 7. — *Sir Sanglier.*] Sir Sanglier (the Wild Boar) is apparently meant for the cruel and profligate Shan O'Neal. C.

But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

22 But, ere he could himselfe recure[1] againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse[2] paine,
He found himselfe, unwist,[3] so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag[4]: thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,[5]
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

23 When to the place they came where Artegall
By that same carefull squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that squire betide:
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide;
For neither he did shed that ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his Love, but his owne proper good.[6]

24 Well did the Squire perceive himselfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.

[1] *Recure*, recover.
[2] I. e. unconscious.
[3] I. e. without knowing how.
[4] *Wag*, move.
[5] *Adrad*, feared.
[6] *Good*, property.

But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that lady kild,
But that strange knight, the fairer Love to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25 And sayd: "Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by sacrament[1] be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side:
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide."
Thereto they both did franckly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

26 "Sith then," sayd he, "ye both the dead deny,
And both the living lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,[2]
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same ladies head;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

27 Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the lady to be slaine:
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,

[1] I. e. by oath of purgation. [2] *Read*, decision.

XXVII. 1.— *Well pleased with that doome.*] A repetition of the judgment of Solomon. See 1 Kings iii. 16.

Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive then to himselfe be shared dead;
And rather then his Love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that ladies head:
True love despiseth shame when life is cald in dread.[1]

28 Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved,
"Not so, thou Squire," he sayd, "but thine I deeme
The living lady, which from thee he reaved:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abrode your shame."

29 But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breast:
Untill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgrè,[2] it up to reare;
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

30 Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great iustice held in high regard;

[1] I. e. question. [2] *Maulgrè*, in spite of himself.

And as his squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard:
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But, leaving him, forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him, but onely Talus, went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera;
Does race her Castle quight.

1 NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave Chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great heroës got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy:
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes:

2 To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse[1];
But chiefely of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

[1] *Had recourse*, did recur.

3 For this was Dony, Florimels owne dwarfe,
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridal cheare
Should be solémniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

4 "Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,[1]
That keepes a bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne."

5 "What mister wight,[2]" quoth he, "and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?"

[1] *Wonne*, dwell. [2] *Mister wight*, kind of person.

III. 2. — *Whom having lost*, &c.] That is, the Dwarf having lost Florimell. We first hear of this dwarf in the fifth canto of the third book. Arthur then makes a vow never to forsake him until information shall have been gained of his mistress. Still the Prince reappears without him in the eighth canto of the fourth book. It would seem that the scarf is substituted for the famous girdle by a mere oversight. C.

"He is," said he, "a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort[1];
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong effort.

6 "And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils[2] the poore in piteous wize;
But he himselfe uppon the rich doth tyrannize.

7 "His name is hight Pollentè,[3] rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,[4]
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong[5]:

[1] *Extort*, extorted.
[2] *Pols and pils*, plunders and pillages.
[3] *Pollentè*, Powerful.
[4] *Over-go*, overcome.
[5] *Underfong*, undertake, entrap.

VI. 7. — *Whose scalp is bare.*] Most of the Northern nations thought wearing the hair long a sign of freedom: the contrary *bewrayed bondage*. UPTON.

For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,[1]
Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

8 "And underneath the same a river flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
But he himselfe, through practise usuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies[2]
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,[3]
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

9 "Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera,[4] agreeing with her deedes.

10 "Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many lords have her to wife desired;

[1] *Pight*, placed.
[2] *Assaies*, assails.
[3] *Dismaies*, disables.
[4] *Munera*, Gifts.

But she them all despiseth for great pride."
"Now by my life," sayd he, "and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that bridge whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead." No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

11 Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile:
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage-money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law:
To whom he aunswerd wroth, "Loe there thy hire";
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

12 Which when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13 There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:

But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his backe bestrad.

14 Which oddes whenas Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steede to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his gripe[1] strong
For any thing wold slacke, but still uppon him hong.

15 As when a dolphin and a sele are met
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe[2] their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine[3];
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

16 So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,

[1] *Gripe*, gripe. [2] *Chaufe*, chafe. [3] *Darraine*, wage.

And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

17 Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether[1] had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,[2]
And both in armes well traind and throughly[3] tride.
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18 But Artegall pursewd him still so neare,
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That, as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band[4]
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.[5]

1 *Whether*, which of the two.
2 I. e. in swimming.
3 *Throughly*, thoroughly.
4 *Band*, cursed.
5 *Dight*, inflict.

19 His corps was carried downe along the lee,[1]
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
But his blasphémous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,[2]
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

20 That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

21 Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,[3]
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece[4] he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

[1] I. e. the watery plain.
[2] *Over-ren*, overrun.
[3] *Amate*, terrify.
[4] *Peece*, structure, fortress.

22 With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Uppon the castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

23 But, whenas yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught,
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

24 But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent[1] the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile:
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre themselves to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile;

[1] *Yrent*, rent.

And hid themselves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide herself for feare.

25 Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away:
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound[1] winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold: thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,[2]
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himselfe her seemelesse[3] plight did rew.

26 Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of iustice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively:
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,[4]
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27 Herselfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the castle wall adowne her cast,

[1] *Lime-hound*, a bloodhound.
[2] *Array*, serve, treat.
[3] *Seemelesse*, unseemly.
[4] *Trye*, tried.

And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evill-gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And, burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

28 And lastly all that castle quite he raced,[1]
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,
And wicked customes of that bridge refourmed:
Which done, unto his former iourney he retourned.

29 In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire[2];
For never there the like resort they knew.

[1] *Raced*, razed. [2] *Admire*, wonder at.

XXVII. 5. — *Guilty blood.*] Sir James Mackintosh remarks upon this place: "The just execution of a beautiful woman, Munera, by Sir Artegal, was certainly intended to reconcile the mind to the execution [of Queen Mary] at Fotheringay." See his Life, &c., Vol. II. p. 242. H.

So towardes them they coasted,[1] to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

30 There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie[2]
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys:
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

31 He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, devided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether:
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

32 For why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched uppon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire:
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,

[1] *Coasted*, drew near. [2] *Surquedrie*, pride, presumption.

In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

33 Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings[1] vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke[2];
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare:

34 "Thou, that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore:
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore:

[1] *Leasings*, lies. [2] *Hony-crocke*, honey-pot.

XXXII. 9. — Here is the Liberty and Equality system of philosophy and government, — the portentous birth of the French Revolution, — described to the life two hundred years before the French Revolution broke out; described both in its magnificent but hollow show, and its sudden explosion or evaporation.

It has been suggested that there is a close resemblance between part of Artegal's refutation of the giant's pretensions, and the discourse of the angel Uriel, in the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Esdras, in exposure of the ignorance of that prophet. CRAIK'S Spenser and his Poetry, II. p. 195.

And looke then, how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow.

35 "For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,[1]
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

36 "Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound;
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found:
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,[2]
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine."

37 "Thou foolishe elfe," said then the Gyant wroth,
"Seest not how badly all things present bee,

[1] *Pight*, placed. [2] *Pound*, weight.

XXXIV. 9. — *So much is more then iust to trow.*] That quantity is to be believed, or considered, more than what is right. C.

And each estate quite out of order goth[1]?
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
And th' earth itselfe how daily its increast
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most[2] that some were given to the least?

38 "Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And lordings curbe that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw."

39 "Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

40 "Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;

[1] *Goth*, goeth. [2] *Most*, greatest.

For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.[1]
What wrong then is it, if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

41 "They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away:
For all we have is his: what he list doe, he may.

42 "Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band:
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses dew.

43 "For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;

[1] *Vade*, go.

Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth
flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

44 Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
"Which is," sayd he, "more heavy then in weight,—
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?"
He answered that he would try it streight:
So he the words into his ballaunce threw;
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

45 Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were
light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide:
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
"Well then," sayd Artegall, "let it be tride:
First in one ballance set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd:
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be
wayd.

46 "Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
"And counterpeise the same with so much wrong."

So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong:
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise[1]; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved[2] every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

47 Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken:
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said: "Be not upon thy balance wroken[3];
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome[4] of right must bee:
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48 "But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare;[5]
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share,
And then together doe them both compare:
For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare,

[1] *Peise*, poise.
[2] *Proved*, tried.
[3] *Wroken*, avenged.
[4] *Doome*, judgment.
[5] *Fare*, go.

Whether of them the greater were attone:
But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

49 But he the right from thence did thrust away;
For it was not the right which he did seeke:
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke:
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.[1]
Whom when so lewdly[2] minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And, down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

50 Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And, spoyling all her geares[3] and goodly ray,[4]
Does make herselfe misfortunes piteous pray:
So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered[5] bones all broken rudely rumbled;
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled:

51 That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction

1 *Misleeke*, mislike.
2 *Lewdly*, evil.
3 *Geares*, equipments.
4 *Ray*, array.
5 *Timbered*, huge, like timbers.

For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation:
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

52 Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

53 But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew:
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew:

54 As, when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush [1] of ducks foreby [2] the brooke,
The trembling foule, dismayd with dreadfull sight

[1] *Flush*, company. [2] *Foreby*, near by.

Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying[1] looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

[1] *Astonying*, confounding.

CANTO III.

The Spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.

1 After long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftimes despeire.
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

2 Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store;
Ne any knight was absent that brave courage bore.

I. 6. — *To Florimell.*] The adventures of Florimell are resumed from Book IV. Canto XII. H.

3 To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

4 When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,[1]
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

5 The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard assayes;
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;

[1] *Aguiz'd*, dressed, adorned.

III. 2. — *Devicefull sights.*] "By *devicefull sights* Spenser means sights full of devices; that is, masques, triumphs, and other spectacles, usually exhibited in his time, with great cost and splendor, at the nuptials of noble personages." — WARTON.

The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes[1];
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
All sixe well seene[2] in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

6 And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.[3]
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne;
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet litle lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud resounded.

7 The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame;
Yet whether side was victor note[4] be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

8 The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,

1 *Lovely layes*, lays of love.
2 *Seene*, skilled.
3 *Lust*, listed, desired.
4 *Note*, might not.

Rashing[1] off helmes, and ryving plates asonder;
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9 But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

10 It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame:
Where, when he understood by common fame
What evill hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

11 So forth he went, and soone them overhent,[2]
Where they were leading Marinell away:

[1] *Rashing*, slashing. [2] *Overhent*, overtook.

X. 3. — *Braggadochio.*] Braggadochio reappears from Book IV. Canto V. 27.

Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.[1]

12 So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew:
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.[2]

13 Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

14 And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,

[1] *Fet*, fetched, rescued. [2] *Fone*, foes.

To greet[1] his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

15 The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme[2] the prise
Of all that tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

16 To whom the Boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake[3]
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speaches crake.[4]
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,[5]
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

[1] I. e. to express her congratulations for.
[2] *Addeeme*, adjudge.
[3] *Undertake*, maintain.
[4] *Crake*, utter boastingly.
[5] *Quell*, disconcert.

17 Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when, discovered, they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell, so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

18 Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise:
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,[1]
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

19 As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright, —
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties queene.

[1] *Avize*, consider.

20 All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the Boaster said: "Thou losell[1] base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings[2] doest deface,
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21 "That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,[3]
Which didst that service unto Florimell:
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure,[4] it stird this day:
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.[5]

22 "But this the sword which wrought those cruell stounds,[6]
And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signes," (so shewed forth his wounds,)
"By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;

1 *Losell*, good-for-nothing.
2 *Leasings*, lies.
3 *Reed*, conceive.
4 *Stoure*, tumult, strife.
5 *Dismay*, deprive of might, disable.
6 *Stounds*, times, scenes.

But some fayre franion,[1] fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall."
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

23 So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace;
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lillies interlace:
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom whenas all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24 Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone,[2]
And triall whether should the honor get.
Streightway, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

25 As when the daughter[3] of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,

[1] *Franion*, loose woman. [2] *Paragone*, comparison.
[3] I. e. Iris, the daughter of *Thaumas*.

That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26 Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour queld,[1]
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment,
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was, in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

27 But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft
While she was flying, like a weary weft,[2]
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft[3]
Presented to the fayrest Florimell;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

[1] *Queld*, subdued.
[2] *Weft*, waif.
[3] *Eft* (like *eftsoones*), at once.

XXVII. 1. — *That golden belt*, &c.] See Book IV. Canto V. 16.

XXVII. 5. — *While she was flying*, &c.] See Book III. Canto VII. 31.

28 Full many ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chast;
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

29 Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

30 Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse:
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforse,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers forse;
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort,[1] or else by slight deceaved.[2]

[1] *Extort*, extorted. [2] *Deceaved*, taken stealthily.

XXIX. 5. — *Which he had stolne.*] See Book II. Canto III. 4.

31 Who all that piteous storie which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine[3];
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

32 Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.
"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there."

33 Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke:

[1] *Traine*, trick.

XXXI. 2. — *Wofull couple.*] Mordant and Amavia. See Book II. Canto I. H.

But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

34 Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore[1]; (so was he hight;)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,[2]
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see;
And when as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

35 Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horse belong'd; and sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd;
And let that losell,[3] plainely now displayd,[4]
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."
But the proud Boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That iudgement so uniust against him had ordayned.

36 Much was the knight incenst with his lewd[5] word,
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,

1 *Brigadore*, Gold-bridle.
2 *Undertake*, perceive.
3 *Losell*, good-for nothing.
4 *Displayd*, exposed.
5 *Lewd*, impudent.

Saying, "Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

37 So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the Boaster hent,[1]
And, drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent[2];
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,[3]
And himselfe baffuld,[4] and his armes unherst,[5]
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.[6]

38 The whiles his guilefull groome[7] was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie:
Who, overtaking him, did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours,[8] that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,

1 *Hent*, took.
2 *Shent*, disfigured.
3 *Blent*, stained.
4 *Baffuld*, hung up by the heels.
5 *Unherst*, took off piece by piece.
6 *Sperst*, dispersed, scattered.
7 I. e. *Trompart*.
8 *Faytours*, evil-doers.

XXXVII. 5–9. — These verses describe the process by which a recreant knight was degraded from the rank of Chivalry. Turpin is served in the same way, Book VI. Canto VII. 27. C.

From all brave knights be banisht with defame[1]:
For oft their lewdnes[2] blotteth good deserts with blame.

39 Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside[3] of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can[4] laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

40 There leave we them in pleasure and repast
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices[5] and rare delights
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights:
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, when as time to Artegall shall tend,[6]
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

[1] *Defame*, disgrace.
[2] *Lewdnes*, wickedness.
[3] *Foreside*, outside, external covering.
[4] *Can*, gan.
[5] *Delices*, pleasures.
[6] *Tend*, attend, wait upon.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive.
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprive.

1 WHOSO upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide,
Had neede have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong, and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme[1] of things aright,
And makes[2] wrong-doers iustice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might:
For Powre is the right hand of Iustice truely hight.

2 Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust:
Whereof no braver president[3] this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust

[1] *Deeme*, judge.
[2] I. e. *it* makes.
[3] *President*, precedent.

Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

3 Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the Strond
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government:

4 With whom, as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely Damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good;
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increast their mood.

5 And there before them stood a coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it these squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands;

But evermore those damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.[1]

6 But firmely fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try;
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would iustify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent:
When Artegall arriving happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

7 To whom the elder did this aunswere frame:
"Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other isle, that greater bredth now beares.

8 "But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring sea, that naught doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.[2]
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,

[1] *Pall*, moderate. [2] *Empaire*, diminish.

That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

9 "Then did my younger brother Amidas
Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
What better dowre can to a dame be hight[1]?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livelod[2] fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streightway:
Who, taking her from me, his owne Love left astray.

10 "She, seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
But see how much her purpose was deceaved!
Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,[3]
She chaunst unwares to light uppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

11 "The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,[4]
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad:

[1] *Hight*, assigned.
[2] *Livelod*, livelihood.
[3] *Weaved*, waved, floated.
[4] *Visnomie*, physiognomy, visage.

And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky pylot of her passage sad,)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did rest.

12 "Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endevour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
She then, in recompence of that great favour
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which fortune gave her.
Together with herselfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

13 "Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence[1] we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought:
But this same other damzell since hath fained
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,[2]
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But, whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

14 "But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
(Not wronging any other by my will,)

[1] *Sithence*, since, afterwards. [2] *Ordained*, appointed, selected.

I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Love, (though now it little skill,[1])
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray[2];
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

15 So having sayd, the younger did ensew:
"Full true it is whatso about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,[3]
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall[4]:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."

16 When they thus ended had, the Knight began:
"Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
"Unto yourselfe," said they, "we give our word,
To bide that iudgement ye shall us afford."
"Then for assuraunce to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand."
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

17 Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd:
"Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,

[1] *Skill*, matter.
[2] I. e. make a prey of.
[3] I. e. handfasted, plighted troth.
[4] *Espiall*, observation.

Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?"
"What other right," quoth he, "should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?"
"Your right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme."

18 Then, turning to the elder, thus he sayd:
"Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?"
"What other right," quoth he, "should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?"
"Your right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.

19 "For equall right in equall things doth stand:
For what the mighty sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest.
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight[1];
And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right."

[1] *Hight*, named, declared.

20 When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased:
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

21 Soas he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily[1] he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight,) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

22 And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed[2] hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

[1] *Happily*, haply, by chance. [2] *Pinnoed*, pinioned.

23 But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,[1]
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.[2]

24 But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And, drawing backe, deceived their intent:
Yet, though himselfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend,[3] he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment[4]:
Who with few sowces[5] of his yron flale
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper bale.

25 But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight[6]:

[1] *Decay*, destruction.
[2] *Assay*, assault, violence.
[3] *Shend*, disgrace.
[4] *Hardyment*, boldness, rashness.
[5] *Sowces*, blows.
[6] *Behight*, addressed.

26 "Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you by heavens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray,
As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay?"

27 Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus: "Most haplesse well ye may
Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day:
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humaine thought."

28 "Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To áttribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate[1]
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?"
"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know my shame,
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,

[1] *Amate*, confound.

I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29 "Being desirous (as all knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,[1]
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.[2]

30 "The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But, when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to knights; which now she doth fulfill.

1 "For all those knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate[3]:
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in women weedes; and then with threat

[1] I. e. acknowledge allegiance to the order.
[2] I. e. put to death.
[3] *Entreate*, treat.

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water, or like feeble thing;
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

32 "But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand[1];
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,[2]
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a knight."

33 "How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegall,
"And where and how far hence does she abide?"
"Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
A princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd had I not late it prieved."

34 "Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble Knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to knights doth show.

[1] *Out of hand*, forthwith.

[2] I. e. despising life.

Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know
How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would
empaire."

35 With that, like one that hopelesse was repryv'd
From deathës dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway,
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she calld Radegone.

36 Where they arriving by the watchman were
Descried streight; who all the citty warned
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort[1] of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their queene herselfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array began.

37 And now the knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
And at the porter, skorning them so few,

[1] *Sort*, company, swarm.

Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin:
Which when as Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin[1]:
She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons well prepard.

38 Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

39 But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her Maides divide,
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.[2]

40 Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his necke

[1] I. e. show, as if grinning with rage.
[2] I. e. he was so stunned that all looked blank and dark.

Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake:
As when a beare hath seiz'd[1] her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe[2] cause.

41 Whom when as Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught[3] her;
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

42 Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather[4] his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,[5]
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

1 *Seiz'd*, fastened.
2 *Plaintiffe*, plaintive.
3 *Distraught*, deprived.
4 *Weather*, air.
5 *Bylive*, quickly.

43 But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull[1] pride half mad;
For never had she suffred such despight:
But, ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

44 And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapon, never wont[2] in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst,[3] and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

45 But when as daies faire shinie beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund, with sound of trumpe on hight,[4]
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And, gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;

[1] *Sdeignfull*, disdainful.
[2] *Wont*, used.
[3] *Courst*, chased.
[4] *On hight*, aloud.

And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

46 When thus the field was voided[1] all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight[2]
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safëty,
Together with Sir Terpin, all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of ieopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

47 But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
To try her fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disaventerous[3] sight.

48 She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
(Her name was Clarin,) and thus to her sayd:
"Goe, Damzell, quickly, doe thyselfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse.
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,

[1] *Voided*, cleared.
[2] *Pight*, pitched.
[3] *Disaventerous*, unhappy.

Who yeester day drove us to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

49 "But these conditions doe to him propound;
That, if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore[3] be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hungry sit."

50 The damzell streight obayd; and, putting all
In readinesse, forth to the towne gate went;
Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then Talus, forth issuing from the tent,
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his lord she would emparlaunce[2] make.

51 So he them streight conducted to his lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:

[1] *Lore*, instruction, command. [2] *Emparlaunce*, parley.

XLIX. 9. — *Henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.*] See Stanza 31.

Which he accepting well, as he could weete,[1]
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete ;
But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

[1] I. e. as he knew how.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdewd by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought[1] by Clarins wile.

1 So soone as day forth dawning from the east
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Comaunded them their daily workes renew;
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt herselfe to dight:

2 All in a camis[2] light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,[3]
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught

[1] I. e. but *this is* wrought.
[2] *Camis*, a light, loose robe.
[3] I. e. disposed.

Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.[1]

3 And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends[2] of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire moone in her most full aspect;
That to the moone it mote be like in each respect.

4 So forth she came out of the citty gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes[3] and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight:
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready pight[4]
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

5 Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she with fell intent
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battels utmost triall to adventer.

[1] *Habergeon*, sleeveless coat of mail.
[2] I. e. trimmed with *bands sewn* on.
[3] *Shaumes*, pipes like hautboys.
[4] *Pight*, pitched.

The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how fortune would resolve that daungerous dout.

6 The trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended:
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foynd,[1] she lasht, she laid on every side.

7 Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew[2];
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew:
Like as a smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8 So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,

[1] *Foynd*, pushed. [2] *Accrew*, increase.

That all on fire ye would her surely weene:
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded;
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded:

9 For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth drew.

10 Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

11 Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke:

Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.[1]

12 But, when as he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment[2];
Which, in the rudenesse of that evill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the moone, in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

13 At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth[3] of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

14 Soone as the Knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:

[1] *Raced*, razed, cut off.
[2] *Ment*, mingled.
[3] *Ruth*, pity.

And though he still retyr'd, yet nathëlesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

15 Like as a puttocke[1] having spyde in sight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.[2]

16 Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield,[3] well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould[4] she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

17 So was he overcome; not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;

[1] *Puttocke*, kite (considered a base kind of hawk).
[2] *Constraine*, bring into a strait.
[3] I. e. his shield alone.
[4] *Nould*, would not.

Yet was he iustly damned[1] by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse[2] word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

18 Tho with her sword on him she flatling[3] strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht and forthwith led
Unto the crooke,[4] t' abide the balefull stowre[5]
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

19 But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd,[6] might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne lord, but thought it iust t' obay.

1 *Damned*, condemned.
2 *Warelesse*, unwary.
3 *Flatling*, with the flat side.
4 *Crooke* (*crux*), gibbet.
5 *Stowre*, peril.
6 *Dismayd*, disabled.

20 Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap a napron[1] white,
In stead of curiets[2] and bases fit for fight.

21 So being clad, she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was sield[3]
With moniments of many knights decay
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

22 There entred in, he round about him saw
Many brave knights whose names right well he knew,
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,[4]
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were forst, through penurie[5] and pyne,

[1] *Napron*, apron.
[2] *Curiets*, cuirass.
[3] *Sield*, ceiled.
[4] *Rew*, row.
[5] I. e. for want of food.

XX. 9. — *Bases.*] Called also *lamboys*, a kind of petticoat worn by knights on horseback. For a fine specimen, see Meyrick's Ancient Armour, Vol. II. Plate 56. C.

To doe those workes to them appointed dew :
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

23 Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave :
So hard it is to be a womans slave !
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave [1]
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

24 Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed;
His lyons skin chaungd to a pall [2] of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

25 Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts [3] of mans well-ruling hand,

[1] *Behave*, apply. [2] *Pall*, mantle. [3] *Heasts*, behests.

XXIV. 3. — *Iolas sake.*] This should be Omphale's. H.

That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie:
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,[1]
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

26 Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subiection:
However it his noble heart did gall
T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

27 Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord:
So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhord.

28 So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling[2] of her love-sicke hart;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,

[1] I. e. humble subordination. [2] *Handling*, treatment.

The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of Loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd[1] her paine.

29 Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said: "Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need!
It is so hapned that the heavens uniust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
To thrall my looser life,[2] or my last bale[3] to breed."

30 With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And, to her turning, thus began againe:
"This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine."

[1] *Procur'd*, occasioned.
[2] I. e. life free from the thraldom of love.
[3] *Bale*, ruin.

31 "Ah! my deare Dread,"[1] said then the faithfull mayd,
"Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?"
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie;
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

32 "Clarin," sayd she, "thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subiected hath to my unequall might!
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill!
Therefore I cast[2] how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

33 "Bound unto me; but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight[3] violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

[1] *Dread*, revered mistress.
[2] *Cast*, consider.
[3] *Streight*, rigorous.

34 "Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Iove himselfe to love entise."

35 The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good indevour
Give her great comfort and some harts content:
So from her parting she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her ladies best beloved:
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus him proved:

36 "Unhappie Knight, upon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned

XXXV. 8. — *Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved.*] The butt for archery was painted in concentric rings, the inner circle being white. *Roving* is shooting arrows with an elevation, not point-blank. C.

In stupid sorow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit[1]!"

37 Much did he marvell at her uncouth[2] speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine[3] did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave;
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her:
"Faire Damzell, that with ruth, as I perceave,
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter.

38 "Yet weet ye well, that to a courage[4] great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

[1] I. e. deprive of his expectation.
[2] *Uncouth*, strange.
[3] *Traine*, artifice.
[4] *Courage*, heart.

XXXVIII. 8.—*Unlike*. Which is not likely. *They* refers to "fortunes frowne" and "heavens threat." H.

39 "But what so stonie mind," she then replyde,
"But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
"Unworthy sure," quoth he, "of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may."
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope[1]:

40 "Then why doest not, thou ill-advized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,[2]
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who though she still have worne[3]
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded[4]:
And sooth oft seene[5] that proudest harts base love
hath blynded."

41 "Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
Sayd he, "nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she, a queene and come of princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
(Chiefely[6] by him whose life her law doth bynd,)

[1] I. e. shaped or framed this further discourse.
[2] *Forlorne*, lost.
[3] *Worne*, spent.
[4] *Kynded*, begotten.
[5] I. e. it is oft seen.
[6] *Chiefely*, especially.

And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

42 "But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to yourselfe should rest for ever bound,
And readie to deserve what grace I found."
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

43 But foolish mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion:
For, seeking thus to salve[1] the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

44 Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,[2]
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,[3]
For feare her mistresse shold have knowledge gayned;
But to herselfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest:

[1] *Salve*, heal.
[2] *Sdayned*, disdayned.
[3] *On ground*, in the world.

The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

45 One day her ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart:
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd,[1] and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood;
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne:

46 But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe:
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine:
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

47 Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;

[1] *Adaw'd*, daunted.

Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.[1]
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

48 "What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,[2]
With which he dares our offers thus despize:
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more neare.

49 "Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,—
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the gods themselves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme,
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with harme.

50 "Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed:

[1] *Forstall*, deprive. [2] *Misprize*, contempt.

Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied[1]:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let whatever he desires be him denide.

51 "When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane; thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use:
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover."
So she departed full of griefe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

52 There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse[2] to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her ladie, and herselfe withall,
And eke the Knight attonce she did betray;
But most the Knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast[3] for to allure, into her trap to fall.

53 As a bad nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,

[1] *Forwearied*, wearied out.
[2] *Warelesse*, unwary.
[3] *Cast*, devise.

Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
Even so Clarinda her owne dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde[1]
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest and in her entrayles fryde
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

54 For, comming to this knight, she purpose[2] fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade[3];
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore:
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

55 And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can[4] yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie;
And, with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve such grace.

[1] *Affyde*, confided.
[2] *Purpose*, discourse.
[3] *Lade*, load.
[4] *Can*, gan.

56 So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent Love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse, most unkind,
She daily told, her love he did defye;
And him she told her dame his freedome did denye.

57 Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarse diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended,
Untill his owne true Love his freedome gayned:
Which in an other canto will be best contayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him; Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

1 Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill[1]:
But he, the man that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

2 Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne Love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character[2] in th' adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraved,
That no new Loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

[1] *Spill*, spoil.

[2] *Character*, image.

3 Yet his owne Love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine[1] to fynde.

4 Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine,[2] or had unwares oppresst;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Least some new Love had him from her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not forbeare.

5 One while she blam'd herselfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,

[1] *Faine*, pretend. [2] *Traine*, snare.

III. 6. — *The utmost date assynde.*] Three months. See Book IV. Canto VI. 43.

V. 6. — *For houres*, &c.] So all the editions. *Houres* and

She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:
Yet, when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

6 But, when as yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight:
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did spight.

7 One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her Love his way addrest:
There looking forth shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts more swift then wind
To beare unto her Love the message of her mind.

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moneths in these two lines appear to have changed places by mistake of the printer. We should probably read:

"For *moneths*, but dayes; for weekes that passed were
She told but *houres*." C.

VII. 5. — *Towards which coast.*] That is, as Church suggests, towards Ireland. C.

8 There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her Love indeede:
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede[1]
That it was Talus, Artegall his[2] groome:
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings somme.

9 Even in the dore him meeting, she begun:
"And where is he thy lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and hath he lost or wun?"
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience[3]
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

10 Till she againe thus sayd: "Talus, be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold."
To whom he thus at length: "The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.[4]
My Lord, your Love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
"Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

[1] *Arede*, perceive.
[2] I. e. Artegall's.
[3] *Conscience*, consciousness.
[4] *Rad*, uttered.

11 "Not by that tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
"That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
"Cease, thou bad newes-man; badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide;
The rest myselfe too readily can spell.[1]"
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

12 There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
And evermore she did him sharpely twight[2]
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

13 And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,[3]
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chauft[4]; awhile she threw
Herselfe uppon her bed, and did lament:

[1] *Spell*, tell.
[2] *Twight*, twit.
[3] *Blent*, stained.
[4] *Chauft*, chafed.

XI. 1. — *Not by that Tyrant.*] Grantorto.

Yet did she not lament with loude alew,[1]
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singulfs[2] few.

14 Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this ladies fit in her Loves fond accusing.

15 But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herselfe there close[3] afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16 "Ah well-away!" sayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth shee, "erwhile aright,

[1] *Alew*, halloo, outcry.
[2] *Singulfs (singultus)*, sobs.
[3] *Close*, secretly.

That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?"

17 With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds[1] of wrath and griefe attone[2];
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made;
But streight herselfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

18 So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe; and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

19 So as she thus malâncholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward the even-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were faine;
Well shot[3] in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent

[1] *Stounds*, paroxysms.
[2] *Attone*, at once.
[3] *Shot*, shot up, grown up.

To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine;
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

20 He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would herselfe displease, so him requite.[1]
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light:

21 For little lust[2] had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,[3]
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,[4]
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach.[5]

22 The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request;
And with him went without gaine-saying more.

[1] *Requite*, for *requit*, requited.
[2] *Lust*, inclination.
[3] *In gree*, in liking.
[4] *Reach*, extent (Ger. *himmelreich*).
[5] *Empeach*, prevent.

Not farre away, but little wide[1] by west,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;
Where soone arriving, they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

23 Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre[2] was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest:
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought:
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

24 Which when their host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art[3]
He should his purpose misse, which close[4] he ment:
Yet, taking leave of her, he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight[5] reprieved[6];

1 *Wide*, aside.
2 *Bowre*, chamber.
3 *Art*, way.
4 *Close*, secretly.
5 *Streight*, severely.
6 *Reprieved*, reproved.

25 "Ye guilty eyes," sayd she, "the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? False watches, well-away!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking keepe.

26 Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease[1];
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

27 What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft[2] was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

[1] *Disease*, uneasiness.

[2] *Loft*, flooring.

28 With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound[1]
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound.

29 With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout,[2] with weapons rudely dight[3]:
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims[4] of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight[5]:
They, seeing that, let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace[6] in riotous aray.

30 But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout:
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then, backe returning where his dame did lie,

[1] *Stound*, exigency.
[2] *Raskall rout*, base multitude.
[3] *Dight*, furnished.
[4] *Glims*, gleams.
[5] *Keight*, caught.
[6] *Preace*, press.

He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

31 Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet, being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischiévous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

32 The goodman[1] of this house was Dolon[2] hight;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did[3] underminde
All noble knights which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

33 He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes[4]:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;

1 *Goodman*, master.
2 I. e. Deceiver.
3 *Did*, apparently a misprint for *had*.
4 *Wonnes*, dwells.

His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

34 For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.[1]
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

35 The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,[2]
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde[3] man and all his family:
And, comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether kond

36 She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede; and, thereon mounting light,

[1] *Traine*, artifice. [2] *Bowre*, chamber. [3] *Vilde*, vile.

XXXIII. 6. — *His name was Guizor.*] This is the "groome of evill guize," slain by Artegal in the second canto. H.

Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,[1]
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight[2] was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needes fall over the lidge.[3]

37 There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake;
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake:
"Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone[4]
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone:
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor, by thee slaine and murdred by thy slight."

38 Strange were the words in Britomartis eare;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,[5]
Till to the perillous bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels[6] scared:
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,

[1] I. e. an arrow-flight.
[2] *Streight*, strait.
[3] *Lidge*, ledge.
[4] *Lone*, loan, borrowing.
[5] *Fared*, went.
[6] *Losels*, good-for-nothings.

And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver censer sparkle bright.

39 She stayd not to advise which way to take;
But, putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast:
The other overside the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

40 As when the flashing levin[1] haps to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow.

[1] *Levin*, lightning.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

1 NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define:
For th' hevens themseleves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith containes[1] his heavenly commonweale:
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

2 Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading[2] a true case;
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

[1] *Containes*, restrains, governs. [2] *Shading*, shadowing forth.

3 His wife was Isis; whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of iustice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently:
Unto whose temple when as Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

4 There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd[1]
They wore rich mitres shaped like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the sunne:
For that they both like race in equall iustice[2] runne.

5 The Championesse them greeting, as she could,[3]
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,

[1] *Kemd*, combed.
[2] I. e. with the same regularity.
[3] I. e. as she well knew how.

IV. 5. — *With long locks.*] The Egyptian priests were bald, while the *Jewish* priests, as Upton remarks, were forbidden to shave their heads. C.

Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

6 Thenceforth unto the idoll[1] they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,[2]
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

7 One foote was set uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand[3]
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe uppon the land[4]
She did prostráte, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

8 To which the idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining[5]:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.

1 *Idoll*, image (of Isis).
2 *Line*, linen.
3 I. e. in one of her two hands.
4 *Land*, ground.
5 *Desining*, signifying.

By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of Iove forsooke:
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side herselfe to slumber plaste.

9 For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake[1] their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure themselves to sufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

10 Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the Earth, (as they the story tell,)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine

[1] I. e. harden.

X. 1. — *Not taste of fleshly food.*] The priests of Isis abstained from the flesh of sheep and swine, and from fish. They used wine but sparingly, and even their kings (who were also priests) were not used to drink it at all before Psammitichus, or to employ it in the way of oblation, regarding it as the blood of those who had in ancient times waged war against the gods. Plutarch, Isis and Osiris (cited by Jortin). C.

Had damn'd[1] her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell:

11 And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

12 There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie[2]
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

13 Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed
And linnen stole, after those priestës guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,

[1] *Damn'd*, condemned. [2] *Close implie*, secretly infold.

XIII. 5. — *Robe of scarlet red.*] The scarlet robe and crown of gold stand for the dress of the British kings and queens.

And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold;
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14 And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

15 With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idols feete in fearelesse bowre,[1]
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre[2];
And, gaping greedy wide, did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest; with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

16 Tho, turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke:

[1] *Bowre*, place of repose. [2] *Stowre*, disturbance.

Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew:
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth[1] sight.

17 So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie;
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie:
Then up she rose, fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was:

18 But, by the change of her unchearefull looke,
They might perceive she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke:
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake: "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd[2] or much dismayd ye be;
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see."

19 "Certes," sayd she, "sith ye so well have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,

[1] *Uncouth*, strange. [2] *Ill apayd*, ill content.

I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
"Say on," quoth he, "the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their smart."

20 Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.[1]
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake, faint-hearted man he fared,[2]
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And, with long locks up-standing, stifly stared
Like one adawed[3] with some dreadfull spright:
So fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight[4]:

21 "Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize;
How couldst thou weene, through that disguized hood,[5]
To hide thy state from being understood?
Can from th' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy lordly brood,
They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy Love forlorne in womens thraldome see.

1 *Had recourse*, did recur.
2 *Fared*, was affected.
3 *Adawed*, confounded.
4 *Behight*, addressed.
5 *Hood*, covering, mask.

22 "The end whereof, and all the long event,
They doe to thee in this same dreame discover:
For that same crocodile doth represent
The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all iust endever:
For that same crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of his.

23 "That knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare[1]
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy sires crowne, and from thy countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy dreame!"

24 All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them, she forward went,
To seeke her Love, where he was to be sought,

[1] *Reare*, excite.

Ne rested till she came without relent[1]
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

25 Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open[2] bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.[3]

26 So there without the gate, as seemed best,
She caused her pavilion be pight[4];
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre[5] did peepe;

27 And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest[6]:
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest,)

[1] *Relent*, delay.
[2] I. e. the gates.
[3] *Hold*, march.
[4] *Pight*, pitched.
[5] *Bowre*, chamber.
[6] *Prest*, ready.

Was to the battell whilome[1] ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

28 But, ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,[2]
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound:
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

29 The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke[3] use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they hated:

30 As when a tygre and a lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge[4] it with equall greedinesse:
But first the tygre clawes thereon did lay;

1 *Whilome*, (here,) some time before.
2 *Fone*, foes.
3 *Practicke*, practised.
4 *Challenge*, claim.

And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond,
And therefore ought it have where ever she it fond.

31 Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

32 At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said: "This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd: "Lewdly[1] thou my love depravest,[2]
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest."

33 Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That, glauncing on her shoulder-plate, it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,

[1] *Lewdly*, impudently. [2] *Depravest*, defamest.

That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse uphold; yet soone she it requit:
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostráted on the plaine.

34 Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her Loves distresse
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft:
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one, of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

35 But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And, pressing through the preace[1] unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.[2]

36 And now by this the noble conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;

[1] *Preace*, press. [2] *Empeach*, hinder.

Where, though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet, when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive;
But all, in his revenge, of spirite[1] would deprive.

37 Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched Love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire[2]:
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge[3] for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.[4]

38 At last when as to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
And then too well beleev'd that which tofore
Iealous suspect as true untruely drad[5]:
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

[1] *Spirite*, breath.
[2] *Entire*, interior.
[3] *Grudge*, grow indignant.
[4] *Misdight*, misclad.
[5] I. e. Artegal's infidelity.

39 Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent[1]
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares;
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,[2]
For many scarres and many hoary heares;
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares.

40 "Ah! my deare lord, what sight is this?" quoth she;
"What May-game[3] hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then farewell, fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought!"

41 Thenceforth she streight into a bowre[4] him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest fortune favourd her successe in fight:
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

[1] *Drent*, drenched, drowned.
[2] I. e. the likeness of his countenance.
[3] *May-game*, sport.
[4] *Bowre*, room.

42 So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as princess rained;
And, changing all that forme of common-weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring
To mens subiection, did true iustice deale:
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.[1]

43 For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee[2]:
And, that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare feälty to Artegall:
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

44 Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe[3]:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

[1] *Loring*, teaching.
[2] *Fee*, possession.
[3] *Priefe*, proof, achievement.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want[1] her woe did more increase:
Then, hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble lord, Sir Artegall,
Went on his way, ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another canto will more fitly fall.

[1] I. e. her want of him.

XLV. 8. — *That Lady thrall.*] The captive lady, Irena. See Canto I. 3.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan; drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

1 NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

2 So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine[1]:
So also did that great Oetean knight
For his Loves sake his lions skin undight[2]:
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.

[1] *Traine*, artifice. [2] *Undight*, put off.

II. 4. — *Great Oetean knight.*] Hercules, so called from the place of his death.

Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

3 Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his Love, (albe[1] her strong request,)
Faire Britomart, in languor and unrest,
And rode himselfe uppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

4 So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed[2]
A Damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent[3] at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent[4];
And ever as she rode her eye was backeward bent.

5 Soone after these he saw another knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,

[1] *Albe*, notwithstanding.
[2] *Heed*, observe.
[3] *Overhent*, overtaken.
[4] *To-rent*, torn to pieces.

V. 4. — *At bace.*] At prison base, a rustic game which consisted principally in running.

They being chased that did others chase.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to slake,[1]
Yet mote he algates[2] now abide, and answere make.

6 But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy:
Who, seeing her approch, gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

7 But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overwent.[3]
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met: but Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length: so mischiefe over-matcht the wronger:

8 And in his fall misfortune him mistooke[4];
For on his head unhappily he pight,[5]

1 *Slake*, slack.
2 *Algates*, at all events.
3 *Overwent*, overcome.
4 *Mistooke*, overtook to his sorrow.
5 *Pight*, pitched.

That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytour[1] quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast[2]:
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous[3] plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

9 Instead of whom finding there ready prest[4]
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe: so both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towres which through a tempest quooke.

10 But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence[5]:
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both doe heare what she to them will say.

1 *Faytour*, miscreant.
2 *Brast*, burst.
3 *Dispiteous*, pitiable.
4 *Prest*, at hand.
5 *Pretence*, object, aim.

11 They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to speake:
"Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus unwise
Upon yourselves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground: what doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee
Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on mee."

12 Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To weete if it were true as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventailes[1] reare, each other to behold.
Tho, when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,[2]
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew;

13 Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends myselfe yours evermore,
Or whatso penaunce shall by you be red.[3]"
To whom the Prince: "Certes, me needeth more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

[1] *Ventailes*, visors.
[2] *Hew*, shape, person.
[3] *Red*, pronounced.

14 "But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So can[1] they both themselves full eath[2] perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,[3]
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

15 Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that mayd.
"Certes, I wote not well," the Prince then sayd,
"But by adventure found them faring[4] so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
And lo! the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know."

16 Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she herselfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.[5]
To whom she thus: "Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth wone,[6]

[1] *Can*, gan.
[2] *Eath*, easy.
[3] I. e. conceal.
[4] *Faring*, proceeding.
[5] *Attone*, both at once.
[6] *Wone*, dwell.

A princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

17 "Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty[1] knowen over all,
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

18 "Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good knights (of which so brave a band
Serves her as any princesse under sky)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

19 "Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill[2]
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:

[1] *Bounty*, goodness. [2] *Spill*, destroy.

XVII. 1. — *Mercilla.*] Mercilla is Queen Elizabeth.
XVIII. 2. — *A mighty man.*] Philip of Spain.

That, O ye heavens, defend[1]! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant himselfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,[2]
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And idoles servs: so let his idols serve the Elfe!

20 "To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night,
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her knights and people to doe so.

21 "Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,[3]
Of finall peace and faire attonëment
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

[1] *Defend*, ward off.
[2] *Fay*, faith.
[3] *Enterdeale*, mediation.

XX. 3. — *Adicia.*] Injustice. Adicia may represent the Catholic religion, of which the king of Spain was so bigoted an adherent. H.

22 "All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes iust:
But this proude dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,[1]
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

23 "And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent[2]:
But, thankt be God, and your good hardiment[3]!
They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So said this damzell, that hight Samient;
And to those knights for their so noble ayd
Herselfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

24 But they now having throughly heard and seene
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained
To have bene done against her lady queene
By that proud dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained[4]

[1] *Lust*, listed, pleased.
[2] *Shent*, insulted.
[3] *Hardiment*, courage.
[4] *Fained*, desired.

XXII. 2.— *To Messengers.*] Hinting at Philip, who detained the deputies of the States of Holland, who were sent to him to beg a redress of grievances. UPTON.

With all their force to worke avengement strong
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those knights that did to her belong.

25 But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise:
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two knights which dead there lay;
And then that damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast[1] prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull lady that for her had sent.

26 So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldans right[2]:
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchast pray:
And sent to him a page that mote direct his way:

27 Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarme the knight;
But he, refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge[3] armour dight:

[1] *Purchast*, won.
[2] *Right*, directly.
[3] I. e. not his own.

Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And, sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

28 Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning[1] most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
(With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spred,)

[1] *Banning*, cursing.

XXVIII. — *The Souldan, &c.*] This whole episode seems to have reference to the defeat of the Armada. The Souldan is the king of Spain: his *swearing and banning most blasphemously* may be supposed to hint at those pious curses and papistical excommunications so liberally thundered out against Queen Elizabeth and her faithful subjects. Next, the Souldan is described as *mounting upon a charret hye*. Camden more than once mentions the great height of the Spanish ships, built with lofty turrets on their decks like castles. The Prince of Parma likewise built ships, says Camden, and prepared piles sharpened at the nether end, *armed with iron which hooked on the sides*. Moreover, it was reported that the Armada carried various instruments of torture, and thus literally was so armed. — *And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed with flesh of men*. What were the captains and soldiers of this Armada but persecutors, or those who acted under the commands of persecutors, inquisitors, devourers of men? Upton. The combat takes place on the green (Stanza 29. 2), which, as Mr. Craik observes, appropriately indicates the sea, the place of the real conflict. C.

29 So forth he came, all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,[1]
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord; to th' end
He should his flale to finall execution bend.

30 Thus goe they both together to their geare[2]
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan, with presumpteous cheare
And countenance sublime[3] and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengëment;
But the brave Prince, for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious[4] powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake, did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31 Like to the Thracian tyrant,[5] who, they say,
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in peeces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheeles in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

1 *Beseene*, appearing.
2 *Geare*, affair, business.
3 *Sublime*, haughty.
4 *Tortious*, wrongful.
5 I. e. Diomed.

32 But the bold child,[1] that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering[2] dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

33 Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
So fast away, that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past:
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

34 Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons, lesse or more,[3]
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat[4] it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

1 *Child*, youth.
2 *Shivering*, quivering.
3 *Lesse or more*, smaller or greater.
4 *Curat*, cuirass.

35 Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,[1]
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,[2]
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Can not come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

36 Still when he sought t' approch unto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all[3] were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

37 Thus long they trast[4] and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay[5] he might him teach:
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach[6];

[1] I. e. throw.
[2] *Wood*, frantic.
[3] *All*, although.
[4] *Trast*, traced, shifted positions.
[5] *Assay*, proof.
[6] *Empeach*, hinder.

And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

38 Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare[1] that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deare dismayfully they flew.

39 Fast did they fly as them their feete could beare,
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the Pagan bannes,[2] and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty[3] raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,[4]
But go which way they list; their guide they have forlore.[5]

40 As when the firie-mouthed steeds, which drew
The sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples[6] crawling in their way,

[1] I. e. that fearful object alone.
[2] *Bannes*, curses.
[3] *Resty*, restive.
[4] *Lore*, teaching, command.
[5] *Forlore*, abandoned, renounced.
[6] *Craples*, claws.

The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowen courses they forwent,[1]
And, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,[2]
And left their scorched path[3] yet in the firmament:

41 Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law:
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould[4] his crying heare.

42 Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to ground,
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene.

[1] *Forwent*, forsook.
[2] *Brent*, burned.
[3] I. e. the Milky Way.
[4] *Nould*, would not.

XLII. 9. — The conquest of the Soldan has therefore been achieved only by supernatural means. Have we not here a covert acknowledgment that the defeat of the Armada was in truth

43 Like as the cursed sonne of Thesëus,
That, following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddy nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt [1] and all to-rent,[2]
That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.[3]

44 Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to-brusd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heavens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong herselfe had wroken [4];
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

45 So on a tree, before the tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.

[1] *Rapt*, carried off.
[2] *To-rent*, torn to pieces.
[3] I. e. not even the smallest memorial.
[4] *Wroken*, avenged.

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the work rather of the tempest than of any human exertion, — as it was expressed on the medal struck at the time, with the inscription, *Flavit Jehovah et dissipati sunt*, Jehovah blew and they were scattered? CRAIK.

XLIII. 1. — *Cursed sonne of Thesëus.*] Hippolytus, cursed by his father. H.

Which when his ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

46 Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dère,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd[1] for her owne knight,
That brought her backe: and, comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

47 Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;

[1] *Misween'd*, mistaken.

XLVII. 1. — *Like raging Ino*, &c.] Spenser compares the frantic wife of the furious Soldan, first, to *Ino*, who, flying from her husband, that had murdered one of her children, *with knife in hand*, *threw out* into the sea her other son, named Melicerta, whom she first murdered. Secondly, to cruel Medea, who, flying from her father's wrath, cut in pieces her brother Absyrtus, that her father might be stopped in his pursuit by gathering up the mangled limbs. Thirdly, to Agave, the madding mother of Pentheus, who, with the rest of the Bacchanalian crew, tore her son to pieces for slighting the orgies of Bacchus. UPTON.

Or as that madding[1] mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that damzell there.

48 But Artegall being thereof aware
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught[2];
And, as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd[3] or distraught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours[4] to deplore:

49 As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and, with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a tygre, and that tygres scath[5]
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname[6] true, that she imposed has.

50 Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout

1 *Madding*, being mad (as often in old poetry).
2 *Raught*, reached.
3 *Enfelon'd*, made fierce or frantic.
4 *Dolours*, griefs.
5 *Scath*, destructiveness.
6 I. e. Adicia, Injustice.

Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part and to the Souldan lout:[1]
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All[2] were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

51 Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast[3] through lawlesse powre and tortious[4] wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

[1] *Lout*, bow, serve.
[2] *All*, although.
[3] *Purchast*, acquired.
[4] *Tortious*, unjust.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes Pallace come,
And see her rich array.

1 What tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,[1]
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell,
Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.[2]

2 There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

[1] *Mell*, meddle, have to do. [2] *Bowre*, dwelling.

3 Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight[1]
Unto that damzell in her ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way:
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her ladie thence not farre away.

4 By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen[2];
Mongst which that damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure which not farre thence lay:
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

5 Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,[3]
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin[4] they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.[5]

[1] *Behight*, intrusted.
[2] *Commen*, commune.
[3] *Face*, (here) put on a false appearance.
[4] I. e. Wicked Ingenuity.
[5] *Over all*, everywhere.

6 Through these his slights [1] he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under ground.
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell:
And, all within, it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

7 Which when those Knights had heard, their harts gan earne [2]
To understand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," sayd she, "that it should let [3] your pace
Towards my Ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place."
"Then let not that," said they, "stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle [4] have hent.[5]"

8 So forth they past, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the villains won [6]:
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,

1 *Slights*, artifices.
2 *Earne*, yearn.
3 *Let*, hinder.
4 *Carle*, churl.
5 *Hent*, taken.
6 *Won*, dwelling.

Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

9 With noyse whereof when as the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,[1]
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle[2];
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon the soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected,[3]
Gan weepe and wayle as if great griefe had her affected.

10 The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot[4] to have:
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks that downe his shoulders shagged,
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to-worne[5] and ragged,
And underneath, his breech[6] was all to-torne and iagged.

11 And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,

[1] *Ensnarle*, entangle.
[2] *Recoyle*, retreat.
[3] *Abiected*, thrown down.
[4] *Boot*, booty.
[5] *To-worne*, worn to pieces.
[6] *Breech*, breeches.

Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,[1]
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he cast his looke:
Als[2] at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

12 Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd;
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But, when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herself unwares he might her steale the whyle.

13 Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe[3]
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slights and iugling feates did flow,[4]
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

[1] *Weld*, wield, manage, carry.
[2] *Als*, also.
[3] *Keepe*, care, notice.
[4] *Flow*, abound.

14 To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,[1]
Crying for helpe aloud: but when as ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

15 But Artegall him after did pursew;
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

16 Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
To follow him; for he was swift in chace:
He him pursewd where ever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Whereso he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base[2]:
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

[1] *Mew*, retreat, prison.
[2] *Base*, low ground.

17 Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand [1] to wand:
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

18 So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord, Sir Artegall, it lent,[2]
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights [3]:
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,[4]
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew [5];
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

19 But, when as he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle [6]
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
So did deceipt the selfe deceiver [7] fayle:

[1] *Wand*, branch.
[2] *Lent*, handed, presented.
[3] *Slights*, tricks.
[4] *Hent*, took.
[5] *Hew*, shape.
[6] *Grayle*, gravel.
[7] I. e. the deceiver himself.

There they him left a carrion outcast,
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

20 Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
To see her ladie, as they did agree:
To which when she approched, thus she sayd:
"Loe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,[1]
That ever yet upon this earth was scene,
Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene."

21 The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
The prayses of that prince so manifold;
And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately Pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
With many towres and tarras[2] mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

22 There they alighting, by that damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;

[1] *Free*, gracious. [2] *Tarras*, terraces.

XXI. 4. — *A stately Pallace.*] The palace of Queen Elizabeth. Upton.

Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oftimes of fayned semblance
Are wont in princes courts to worke great scath[1] and hindrance:

23 His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some[2]
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome:
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceasse.

24 They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray:
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.[3]

25 There, as they entred at the scriene,[4] they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle

[1] *Scath*, injury.
[2] *Some*, one.
[3] *Wroken*, avenged.
[4] *Scriene*, screen, entrance of the hall.

Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle[1];
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had sprad.

26 Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon font; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

27 They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with lyons and with flourdelice.

28 All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,

[1] *Compyle*, compose.

Nor of ought else that may be richest red,[1]
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beams,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights[2] enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle angels through the glittering gleames.

29 Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse[3] bold;
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate, —
She, angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state;
Whylest kings and kesars[4] at her feet did them prostrate.

30 Thus she did sit in soverayne maiestie,
Holding a scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which High God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand:
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;

[1] *Red*, conceived.
[2] *Plights*, folds.
[3] *Nimblesse*, nimbleness.
[4] *Kesars*, emperors.

Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

31 And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
All lovely daughters of high Iove, that hight
Litæ,[1] by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those they say
Upon Ioves iudgement-seat wayt day and night;
And, when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,[2]
They doe his anger calme and cruell vengeance stay.

32 They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene[3];
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.[4]

33 Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage,[5] like captived thrall,

[1] *Litæ*, Prayers, Petitions.
[2] *Decay*, destruction.
[3] I. e. Justice, Wise Rule, Peace.
[4] *Strene*, strain, race.
[5] *Courage*, heart.

With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich[1] at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne,[2] when salvage choler gan redound.

34 So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two straunge knights were to her presence brought;
Who, bowing low before her Maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone[3] that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

35 As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim[4] begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw[5];
So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that maiestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspéct those two to entertake.[6]

36 Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,

1 *Quich*, stir.
2 *Royne*, gnaw, grind his teeth.
3 *Boone*, service, homage. (?)
4 *Brim*, margin of the horizon.
5 *Adaw*, moderate.
6 *Entertake*, entertain, receive.

She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of iustice with indifferent[1] grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base[2]:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But, at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

37 But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe eftsoones she gan convert[3] againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

38 Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition[4] vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant,[5] she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

[1] *Indifferent*, impartial.
[2] *Base*, humble.
[3] *Convert*, turn.
[4] *Condition*, quality.
[5] *Semblant*, appearance.

XXXVIII. 2. — *A Ladie.*] Mary, Queen of Scots.

39 Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his speach
To all assayes[1]; his name was called Zele:
He gan that ladie strongly to appele[2]
Of many haynous crymes by her enured,[3]
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procured.

40 First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care[4]
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

41 For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred,)

[1] *Assayes*, undertakings.
[2] *Appele*, accuse.
[3] *Enured*, practised.
[4] *Care*, trouble.
[5] *Vyld*, vile.

XLI. 3. — *With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell.*] The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. Upton. See Book IV. Canto I. 32.

And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did dryve.

42 But through high heavens grace, which[1] favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall princes, all this cursed plot
Ere proofe it tooke[2] discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes:
Such be the meede of all that by such mene
Unto the type[3] of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

43 Strongly did Zele her haynous fact[4] enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,[5]
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.[6]

[1] I. e. the heavens.
[2] I. e. before it was tried.
[3] *Type*, mark, rank, dignity.
[4] *Fact*, deed, guilty deed.
[5] *Remorse*, pity.
[6] *Red*, uttered.

XLIII. 7. — *A sage old syre*, &c.] The Lord Treasurer Burleigh.

44 Then gan Authority her to appose[1]
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Iustice charged her with breach of lawes.

45 But then, for her, on the contrárie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Daunger, threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of Birth, that bread
Great ruth[2] through her misfortunes tragicke stowre[3];
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

46 With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,

[1] *Appose*, put to trial, &c.
[2] *Ruth*, pity.
[3] *Stowre*, trouble.

XLVI. 2. — *The Briton Prince*, &c.] The Earl of Leicester (here intended by Prince Arthur) was thought to be inclined to the party of the Queen of Scots. UPTON.

And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage [1] gan relent:
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

47 He gan t' efforce [2] the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach [3]; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes [4] and all her treasons forth did lay.

48 Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspéct
Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,[5]
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe [6]:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of Lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

[1] *Courage*, heart.
[2] *Efforce*, enforce.
[3] *Appeach*, impeach.
[4] *Traynes*, artifices.
[5] *Detect*, expose.
[6] *Ryfe*, abundantly.

XLVIII. 2. — *Abhorred Murder*, &c.] Meaning the murder of her husband, the Earl of Darnley. UPTON.

49 All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of Iustice, was against her bent:
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50 But she, whose princely breast was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie[1] found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

[1] I. e. liable to, deserving of, death (as in Matthew xxvi. 66).

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

1 Some clarkes[1] doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten,[2] Mercie, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate[3]:
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

2 For if that vertue be of so great might
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But, to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spilles[4] the principall to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,

1 *Clarkes*, clerks, learned men.
2 *To weeten*, to wit.
3 *Extreate*, extraction.
4 *Spilles*, loses, destroys.

Arg. 1. — *Prince Arthur.*] Prince Arthur, in this and the succeeding cantos, represents the Earl of Leicester.

Yet never doth from doome[1] of right depart;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

3 Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itselfe enlarged has,
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore,
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy iustice doe adore;
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

4 Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights[2]
Against Duessa, damned[3] by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

5 During all which, those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes

[1] *Doome*, judgment, sentence.
[2] *Arights*, in accordance with right.
[3] *Damned*, condemned.

Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

6 Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two springals[1] of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

7 Her name was Belgæ; who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene[2]
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene

[1] *Springals*, youths. [2] *Teene*, injury.

VI. 2. — *There came two springals.*] The deputies of the States of Holland, sent to solicit the assistance of Elizabeth in the year 1585. C.

VI. 8. — *By a strong tyrant.*] Philip II. of Spain.

VII. 4. — *Even seventeene goodly sonnes.*] The seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. H.

Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

8 But this fell tyrant, through his tortious[1] powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspéct and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,[2]
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

9 And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combynd;
And eke all strangers, in that region

[1] *Tortious*, wrongful. [2] I. e. fixed, united, in one waist.

VIII. 2. — *But five of all that brood.*] The provinces Holland, Guelders, Zealand, Utrecht, and Groningen, which, in 1579, entered into the compact styled the Union of Utrecht, by which they virtually declared themselves independent of Spain. C.

VIII. 8. — *And had three bodies in one wast empight.*] An allusion to the various dominions of Philip, who was at once king of Spain, of Naples, of Portugal, &c. In the next stanza his father Geryon (Charles V.) is for the same reason described as having "three bodies powre in one combynd." C.

Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd ;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

10 For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight ;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

11 His sonne was this Geryoneo hight ;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husbands late decesse[1] ;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

[1] *Decesse*, decease.

XI. 8. — *After her noble husbands late decesse.*] That is, according to Upton, after the assassination of the Prince of Orange, — which occurred in 1584. But this interpretation is not consistent either with the language here employed, or with the context. "Belge's noble husband," says Mr. Craik, "must be Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, slain in 1477, the marriage of whose daughter with Maximilian of Austria brought the Netherlands into the possession of that foreign house"; and in this case Geryoneo must be understood in the eleventh and twelfth stan-

12 Then this bold tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right oppose:
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd[1] and did her champion chose;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

13 By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre[2];
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monster to devoure,
And setting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

14 So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call

[1] *Entertayn'd*, accepted. [2] *Stowre*, trouble.

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zas to signify the House of Austria generally, of whom certainly no great complaint could be made before the accession of Philip of Spain. C.

XIII. 7–9. The monster that devoured the children of Belge is obviously the Inquisition, introduced by Philip in 1566, and re-established by Alva in 1567. The idol set up by the tyrant is the Roman Catholic religion, the triple crown of the Pope being the particular in which this idol resembles Geryon. C.

For ayde against that cruell tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies gieft[1]:
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.[2]

15 Amongst the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.[3]

16 She gladly graunted it: then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.[4]
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

[1] *Gieft*, gift.
[2] *Gent*, gentle, noble.
[3] I. e. for his first adventure.
[4] *Fare*, proceeding.

XVI. 1. — *She gladly graunted it.*] The Queen, in the year 1585, appointed the Earl of Leicester to the command of the English expedition in aid of the Netherlands. C.

17 Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,[1]
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide
And all his way before him still prepare:
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

18 It was not long till that the Prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad;
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

19 There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,[2]
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully;
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

[1] *Beseene*, regarded. [2] *Affray*, terror.

20 And, running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And, bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet boyes,"
Sayd she, "yet now I gin new life to feele;
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight."

21 Then turning unto him, "And you, Sir Knight,"
Said she, that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell[1] as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none[2] of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

22 Much was he moved with her piteous plight;
And, low dismounting from his loftie steede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

[1] *Travell*, travail, labor.

[2] I. e. none may hope for.

23 "Ay me!" sayd she, "and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced [1] and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes [2] and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes [3] do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry [4] mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs."

24 "Nathlesse," said he, "deare Ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase [5] it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field! [6]
The Earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield [7]
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, [8] forth with him wends.

25 They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene;

1 *Raced*, razed.
2 *Marishes*, marshes.
3 *Ewftes*, efts.
4 *Hostry*, lodging.
5 *Purchase*, procure.
6 I. e. may the open field go well with us.
7 *Wield*, sway.
8 *Weeds*, clothes.

XXV. 1. — *A citie*, &c.] This city would on the whole appear from the description to be Antwerp; but (it is hardly necessary to remark) the narrative which follows has not the slightest foundation in historical fact. If Leicester is really intended by Prince Arthur in this canto, the flattering representation here given of that nobleman's contemptible career in the Netherlands is quite unworthy of the poet. C.

But now by force extort [1] out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing perswade.

26 That castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,[2]
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure [3]!

27 But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,

[1] *Extort*, extorted.
[2] *Coniure*, conspire.
[3] *Recure*, restore.

XXVI. 3. — *Citie, so now ruinate.*] Antwerp, which, in the reign of Charles V., was the first commercial city in Europe, suffered greatly in the war waged by the States of Holland against his successor. It was sacked by the Spaniards in 1576, and endured a siege of fourteen months by their forces under the Prince of Parma, ending in its capture in 1585. H.

And life enioy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it the honour that is dew
To God to doe unto his idole most untrew.

28 To him he hath before this castle greene[1]
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.[2]

29 And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrants fee[3]:
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

[1] I. e. this castle's green.
[2] *Agrize*, shudder.
[3] *Fee*, property.

XXIX. 3. — *An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie.*] The proceedings of the Inquisition in the Netherlands, both trials and punishments, were conducted in secrecy. C.

30 There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approch in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.[1]

31 Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard;
But, ryding streight under the castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrants seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

32 They both encounter in the middle plaine,[2]
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they wold have ryven quight
Out of their breasts with furious despight:
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find

[1] *Fordonne*, undone. [2] I. e. in the middle of the plain.

XXX. 2. — *A Seneschall of dreaded might.*] The Prince of Parma, the greatest soldier of his day. C.

Into the Princes shield, where it empight,[1]
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd.

33 Not so the Princes; but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his haberieon[2] and eke his corse;
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the Castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

34 But, as he nigher drew, three Knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And, meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.[3]
As three great culverings for battrie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,[4]
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

35 So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,

[1] *Empight*, fixed.
[2] *Haberieon*, coat of mail.
[3] *Enchace*, fix.
[4] *Rent*, rend.

With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield and pierst through either syde;
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.[1]

36 Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There, whilest they, entring, th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,[2]
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse, tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

37 The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre[3] the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.[4]

38 Then all the rest which in that castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,

[1] *Dreare*, sorrow.
[2] *Overhent*, overtook.
[3] *Sperre*, fasten.
[4] I. e. at the entrance.

Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but, when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,[1]
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And, what she had not seene within, unto her shewed:

39 Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,[2]
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that castle he her led
With her two sonnes right deare of her beloved;
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

[1] *Lore*, left. [2] *Weeting*, knowledge.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

1 It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But Iustice, though her dome[1] she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belge seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton knight.

2 Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belge now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle[2] unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

[1] *Dome*, judgment. [2] *Principle*, beginning.

3 Nathelesse himselfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many [1] bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had.
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,[2]
He sternely marcht before the castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.[3]

4 The Prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But, opening streight the sparre,[4] forth to him came.
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, He there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

5 With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight;
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;

1 *Many*, company.
2 *Ydrad*, dreaded.
3 I. e. not even a wrongful estate or title.
4 *Sparre*, fastening.

The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,[1]
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.[2]

6 Thereto[3] a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

7 Which uncouth use[4] when as the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon faynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

8 Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t' avenge himselfe againe,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:

[1] *Drive*, for *driv*, drove.
[2] *Rive*, for *riv*, riven.
[3] *Thereto*, besides.
[4] *Uncouth use*, strange practice.

But the sad[1] steele seizd not, where it was hight,[2]
Uppon the childe,[3] but somewhat short did fall,
And, lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.[4]

9 Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got[5] thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

10 Eftsoones againe his axe he raught[6] on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,[7]
And can[8] let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that, for all his maine,[9]
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

11 Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:

1 *Sad*, heavy.
2 *Hight*, directed.
3 *Childe*, youth.
4 *Mall*, maul, crush.
5 *Got*, gained.
6 *Raught*, reached.
7 I. e. ready for his business.
8 *Can*, gan.
9 *Maine*, strength.

Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight[1]
Hath pruned from the native tree and cropped quight.

12 With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band,[2] and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himselfe with horrour great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light[3]; but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13 Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats;
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,[4]
The which good fortune to him offred faire:
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,[5]
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke.

[1] *Slight*, skilful stroke; or, simply, *slit*.
[2] *Band*, execrated.
[3] *Light*, lit.
[4] *Care*, trouble, harm.
[5] *Repaire*, recover.

14 Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce[1]
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the house of dole,[2] his daies there to deplore.

15 Which when the Lady from the castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw
To greet him[3] the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people, both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the citties wall
Uppon these warriours, greedy t' understand
To whether[4] should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

16 But Belge, with her sonnes, prostráted low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some wo,
Him thus bespake: "O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes[5] replanted by thy might;

[1] *For the nonce*, for the occasion.
[2] *Dole*, sorrow.
[3] I. e. to congratulate him upon.
[4] *Whether*, which of the two.
[5] *Impes*, shoots.

What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But even that which thou savedst thine still to remaine!"

17 He tooke her up forby[1] the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying: "Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay."

18 She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd: "Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde[2] race, and stablished my peace."
"What is there else," sayd he, "left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in dout."[3]

19 "Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this gyant reared first on hie,

[1] *Forby*, by. [2] *Vilde*, vile. [3] *Dout*, fear.

XVI. 9. — *But even that*, &c.] Does not this plainly allude to the States' offer, and to the Queen's refusal, of the sovereignty of the Netherlands? UPTON.

And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devize,
The more t' aggrate[1] his god with such his blouddy guize.

20 "And underneath this idoll there doth lie
An hideous Monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifize unto that cursed feend:
Whose ugly shape none ever saw nor kend,[2]
That ever scap'd: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphémous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with dire decay."[3]

21 Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne[4]
For great desire that monster to assay;
And prayd the place of her abode to learne:
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll saw, of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

[1] *Aggrate*, gratify.
[2] *Kend*, knew.
[3] *Decay*, destruction.
[4] *Earne*, yearn.

22 Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And, the third time, out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' altars smooke
A dreadfull Feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill.

23 An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond[1] did finde.

24 Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;
A dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight[2];
And eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

[1] *Fond*, foolish. [2] *Empight*, fixed.

25 Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose [1] but suffred deadly doole [2]:
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole.

26 She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

27 Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave [3] out of the hand that did it hend [4]:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;

[1] *Loose*, solve.
[2] *Doole*, distress.
[3] *Reave*, tear.
[4] *Hend*, hold.

XXV. 2.— *That monster.*] The Sphinx. The Theban knight is Œdipus.

But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

28 With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphémous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast[1];
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe agast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29 As when the mast of some well-timbred hulke[2]
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound[3] with stroke of her huge taile:
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

30 Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belge selfe was therewith stonied[4] sore,
As if the onely[5] sound thereof she feard.
But then the Feend herselfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew

[1] *Brast*, burst.
[2] *Hulke*, ship of burden.
[3] *Stound*, stunned.
[4] *Stonied*, astonished, alarmed.
[5] *Onely*, mere.

With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene, with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done[1] to rew:

31 But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,[2]
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust[3] to speake or thinke.

32 Then downe to ground fell that deformed masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped[4] make:
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.[5]

33 Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce and shew triumphant chere,

1 *Done*, caused.
2 *Brust*, burst.
3 *Lust*, pleasure.
4 *Awhaped*, terrified.
5 *Drad*, dreaded.

Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle[1]
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

34 Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray[2]
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

35 There he with Belgæ did a while remaine
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine[3]
With safe assuraunce and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgæ and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,

[1] *Foyle*, trample.
[2] *Ray*, array.
[3] *Raine*, reign.

XXXIII. 7. — *And eke that idoll*, &c.] Meaning that he abolished the Popish religion and established the Protestant. UPTON.

XXXV. 5. — *His first emprize.*] His search after Gloriana, the Faerie Queene. H.

And to his former iourney him addrest;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

36 But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, streightway went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

37 There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone[1]:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,
Unto his Soveraine Queene her suite for to commend.

38 Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan:
"Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest knight alive,
Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than[2]
When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?

[1] *Forgone*, abandoned. [2] *Than*, then.

Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?"
To whom he thus: "She liveth sure and sound;
But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

39 "For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,[1]
In which ye promist, as ye were a knight,
To meete her at the Salvage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

40 "And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby." [2] Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that tyrants hand and usage bad.

41 Then thus replide: "Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame [3] for that faire maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which, by default, I have not yet defraide:

[1] *Tyde*, time. [2] *Aby*, abide.
[3] *Too blame;* not *to blame*, but *too blameworthy:* a usage very common in our old writers.

But witnesse unto me, ye heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

42 "But now aread,[1] Sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
"Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,[2]
He day and night doth ward[3] both far and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

43 "Now turne againe," Sir Artegall then sayd;
"For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure yourselfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend."
So backeward he attone[4] with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,[5]
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

44 To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse

[1] *Aread*, say.
[2] *Accoste*, adjoin.
[3] *Ward*, guard.
[4] *Attone*, at once, together.
[5] *Kend*, saw.

XLIV. 2. — *They saw a Knight*, &c.] The knight is Henry of

Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell [1] bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

45 Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a lion wood [2] amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence:
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence;
For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

46 And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:

[1] *Rakehell*, wild, disorderly. [2] *Wood*, mad.

Navarre; the *rude rout*, his rebellious subjects; the Lady, France, or the Genius of France, called Flourdelis. UPTON.

XLVI. 3. — *To throw it quite away.*] That is, to renounce his Protestant faith: in allusion to Ephes. vi. 16, "Above all, taking the shield of faith." UPTON.

For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endles shame.

47 Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,[1]
Backe to recule[2]; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused[3] ran,
Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48 So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire[4]:
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,[5]
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

49 To whom he thus: "My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore:
And that faire lady, which in that uprore

1 *Doubt*, crisis.
2 *Recule*, recoil.
3 *Diffused*, dispersed.
4 *Empaire*, injure, destroy.
5 *Misfare*, misfortune.

Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
Is mine owne Love, though me she have forlore[1];
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read[2] aright.

50 "But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my Love, and take me for her lord;
Till that a tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented![3]

51 "And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,

[1] *Forlore*, abandoned.
[2] *Read*, ascertain.
[3] *Invented*, found.

L. 3. — *Grandtorto.*] The king of Spain, whose hostility to Henry IV. and zeal for the Catholic faith led him to take an active part in the religious wars of France. H.

LI. 1. — *And now he hath this troupe of villains sent.*] After Henry IV. had defeated the Leaguers in the battle of Ivri, he was compelled to raise the siege of Paris by the Duke of Parma and a Spanish army. H.

That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remédilesse."

52 "But why have ye," said Artegall, "forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame:
"That shall I unto you," quoth he, "bewray,[1]
Least ye therefore mote happily[2] me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

53 "True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the Knight of the Red-crosse;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse[3]
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54 "But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin[4] being battered sore
I layd aside, and have of late forbore;

[1] *Bewray*, reveal.
[2] *Happily*, haply.
[3] *Endosse*, indorse, inscribe.
[4] *Scutchin*, shield.

Hoping thereby to have my Love obtayned:
Yet can I not my Love have nathëmore;
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mistrayned.[1]"

55 To whom thus Artegall: "Certes, Sir Knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light[2]
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine,
Then losse of fame in disaventrous[3] field:
Dye rather, then doe ought that mote dishonour yield!"

56 "Not so," quoth he; "for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
Whenas necessitie doth it constraine."
"Fie on such forgerie," said Artegall,
"Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all;
Of all things, to dissemble, fouly may befall.[4]

57 "Yet let me you of courtesie request,"
Said Burbon, "to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infámous deed,

[1] *Mistrayned*, misled.
[2] *Light*, happen.
[3] *Disaventrous*, unsuccessful.
[4] *Befall*, become, befit.

That yet my Love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte [1]
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And, buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and might.

58 Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves [2] making a dreadfull luster;
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre;
As, when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquyre.

59 But, when as overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie [3] soone they overthrew;
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

60 At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,[4]
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight

1 *Wyte*, blame.
2 *Glayves*, swords.
3 *Raskall manie*, rabble troop.
4 *Bode*, abode.

To save themselves, and scattered were abrode:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

61 But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And, catching her fast by her ragged weed,[1]
Would have embraced her with hart entyre[2]:
But she, backstarting with disdainefull yre,
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore[3]
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore[4]
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

62 Sayd Artegall: "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phebus lampe doth shine more cleare?

[1] *Weed*, dress.
[2] *Entyre*, sincere.
[3] *Lore*, lesson, speech.
[4] *Forlore*, lost (to reason).

63 "Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted[1] bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the Love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold."

64 Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare;
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find:
But, hanging downe her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated[2] weare:
Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd,
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

65 Nathlesse the Yron Man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove, quite from that soyle
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle:

[1] *Attempted*, tempted. [2] *Amated*, confounded.

LXIV. 9. — *Nor well nor ill apayd.*] Showing neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction; in allusion to the nearly equal advantages which the Protestant and Catholic parties had gained, at the accession of Henry IV. to the throne. H.

But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,[1]
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, required speed.

[1] *Recoyle*, retire.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

1 O SACRED[1] hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent[2] desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,[3]
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

2 Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all the bands
Which may a knight assure had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithlesse and unsound:
And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,

[1] *Sacred*, accursed.
[2] *Impotent*, uncontrollable.
[3] *Containe*, hold in.

Arg. 1. — *Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,*
And blames for changing shield.]

These two lines are the argument of the last thirty stanzas of the preceding canto. No doubt the poet originally intended that this twelfth canto should begin with the adventure of Artegall and Sir Burbon. C.

And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

3 Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoo,[1])
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forslackt[2]: but now time drawing ny,
To him assynd her high beheast to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete[3] if shipping readie he mote there descry.

4 Tho, when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell:
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall[4];
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,

1 *Fordoo*, destroy.
2 *Forslackt*, postponed.
3 *Weete*, learn.
4 I. e. they hit, or made, the coast.

II. 8. — *Grantorto.*] In 1580 a body of Spaniards and Italians landed at Smerwick with money and arms in aid of the Irish insurgents, and built a fort which they defended against the English, as they said, in the name of the Pope and the king of Spain. Although Grantorto denotes in particular the king of Spain as represented by these invaders (see St. 40), yet the name is sometimes to be understood more generally, as a personification of all parties in Ireland in opposition to the Queen's authority, both native and foreign. The fourteenth and fifteenth stanzas seem to be meant for a description of the Irish rebel. C.

Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

5 But nathëmore would they from land refraine:
But, when as nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew
Though darts from shore and stones they at him threw;
And, wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chast away,
And made to fly like doves, whom the eagle doth affray.

6 The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight[1]
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the tyrants eare,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall: wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,[2]
And, forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the shore:

7 But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,

[1] I. e. Sir Sergis.

[2] *Reare*, summon up.

But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand:

8 Till Artegall, him seeing so to rage,
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did a while asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight:

9 And willed him for to reclayme [1] with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine;
And time and place convenient to areed,[2]
In which they two the combat might darraine.[3]
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne [4]
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

10 That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he [5] had given streight commaundëment
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst breake, though many would right faine

[1] *Reclayme*, call back.
[2] *Areed*, appoint.
[3] *Darraine*, contest, decide.
[4] *Fayne*, pleased.
[5] I. e. Grantorto.

For fayre Irena, whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,[1]
That from close [2] friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare.

11 The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee;
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

12 Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay [3]:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

13 Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leavës gay;

1 *Him paine*, exert himself.
2 *Close*, secret.
3 *Decay*, death.

Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day:

14 Who came at length with proud presumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

15 Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne[1];
That whether man or monster one could scarse discerne.

16 Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,

[1] *Gerne*, yawn.

XIV. 3, 7. The Irish foot-soldier was armed "in a long shirt of mayle downe to the calfe of his leg, with a long broad axe in his hand." View of the State of Ireland, p. 392. C.

As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning griesly, did against him weld[1]
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld;
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

17 The trompets sound; and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage where as most they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.[2]

18 Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize,[3] thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull mariner doth reed[4]
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

[1] *Weld*, wield, flourish.
[2] *Brast*, burst.
[3] *Avize*, perceive.
[4] *Reed*, surmise.

19 So did the Faerie Knight himselfe abeare,[1]
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the Tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did overlade.

20 Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,[2]
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

21 Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise[3] adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,[4]
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which, thereon seizing,[5] tooke no great effect;

[1] *Abeare*, bear, conduct.
[2] *Dreare*, sadness.
[3] *Poise*, weight.
[4] *Respect*, heed, attention.
[5] *Seizing*, fixing.

But, byting deepe, therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

22 Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe.
Which Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
But, loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

23 So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse[1] thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted[2]:
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed[3];
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine.

24 Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrants awe,

1 *Souse*, descending blow.
2 *Sted*, place, position.
3 I. e. he bit the earth.

XXIII. 2. — Chrysaor, it will be remembered, was broken to pieces by Radigund. (Canto V. 21.)

Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
And, running all with greedie ioyfulnesse
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true liege and princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded over all:

25 Who, streight her leading with meete maiestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons as did late maintayne
That tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heavie payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd.

26 During which time that he did there remaine,
His studie was true iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same Yron Man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

27 But, ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of iustice he was forst to stay,

And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray!
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

28 Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
When as two old ill-favour'd hags he met,
By the way-side being together set;
Two griesly creatures; and, to [1] that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces [2]
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

29 The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her hew [3]
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew [4]

[1] *To*, besides.
[2] *Disgraces*, deformities.
[3] *Hew*, figure.
[4] *Arew*, in a row.

XXVIII. 1. — *Tho, as he backe returned*, &c.] The severity of Lord Grey during his administration as Deputy of Ireland (represented here by the destructive activity of the truculent Talus) exposed him to very serious accusations on his return to England. See Spenser's statement of the case, pp. 432, 433 of his View of the State of Ireland (Todd's ed.), and also p. 419, where he recommends the most violent measures. C.

And all her bones might through her cheekes be red[1];
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake, therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom; but thought more, the lesse she sed.

30 Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,[2]
Like puttocks[3] clawes: with th' one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

31 Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall:
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monsterous dyeat:

32 And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,

[1] *Red*, perceived.
[2] I. e. reaching beyond the ends of the fingers.
[3] *Puttocks*, kites.

Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got[1] thereby and gayned a great stake.

33 The other nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,[2]
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this whatever evill she conceived
Did spred abroad, and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have bereaved.

34 For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:

35 And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,

[1] *Got*, profited. [2] *Kynd*, nature.

And take great ioy to publish it to many;
That every matter worse was for her melling[1]:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for herselfe she onely vext;
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplext.

36 Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd, like aspis sting, that closely[2] kils,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand[3] she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils[4];
And faynes[5] to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.[6]

37 These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,

1 *Melling*, meddling.
2 *Closely*, secretly.
3 I. e. in *one* of her hands.
4 *Spils*, spoils.
5 *Faynes*, delights.
6 *Disprad*, spread abroad.
7 *Ydrad*, dreaded.

XXXVII. 7. — *Blatant Beast.*] The Blatant (or Bellowing) Beast is meant for a personification of calumny or slander. Spen-

A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,[1]
Whom they by slights allur'd and to their purpose lad.

38 Such were these hags, and so unhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approching had espyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes:
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares does beat her brest and forhead knockes.

39 Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.[2]

40 Then th' other, comming neare, gan him revile,
And fouly rayle, with all she could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile

[1] *Ydrad*, dreaded. [2] *Read*, perceived.

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ser applies the name, as Mr. Craik well remarks, to "what in modern times is commonly designated, by a more respectful form of words, Public Opinion." C.

And foule abusion, both his honour blent,[1]
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

41 Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention;
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe;
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

42 And, still among, most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe,

[1] *Blent*, stained.

XL. 8. — *As for Grandtorto*, &c.] "But in that sharpe execution of the Spaniards, at the Fort of Smerwicke I heard [his cruelty] specially noted, and if it were true as some reported, surely it was a great touch to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life; others, at least hee did put them in hope thereof." See View of the State of Ireland, pp. 434–436. C.

She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.[1]

43 But Talus, hearing her so lewdly[2] raile
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court; where what him fell shall else be told.

[1] *Keepe*, heed. [2] *Lewdly*, impudently, wickedly.

NOTE TO BOOK V.

WILL it appear too refining, if we suppose that the Sarazin Pollante (Canto II.), with his trap-falls, and his *groome of evill guize*, hence named Guizor, alludes to Charles the Ninth, king of France, who *by sleights did underfong* the Protestants, and thus perfidiously massacred them? If this is allowed, who can help applying the name of Guizor to the head of the Popish League, and chief persecutor, the Duke of Guise? And, to carry on still this allusion, what is all that plot laid in the dead of night, by the same sort of miscreants, to murder the British Virgin (Canto VI. 27), but a type of that plot laid against the chief of the British, as well as other Protestant noblemen, "that being thus brought into the net," as Camden relates, "both they, and with them the evangelical religion, might with one stroke, if not have their throats cut, yet at least receive a mortal wound"?—a plot which, though not fully accomplished, yet ended in a massacre, and was begun at midnight, at a certain signal given, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, anno 1572.

What shall we say of the tilts and tournaments at the spousal of fair Florimel? Had the poet his eye on those tiltings, performed at a vast expense, by the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Fulk Greville, who challenged all comers, and which were intended to entertain the French nobility and the ambassadors, who came to treat of Anjou's marriage with the Queen? Methinks also I sometimes see a faint resemblance between Braggadochio and the Duke of Anjou, and their buffoon servants, Trompart and Simier.

In the fifth canto, Artegal is imprisoned by an Amazonian dame called by a French name, Radigund; for Radegonda was a famous Queen of France. Now as Spenser carries two faces under one hood, and means more always than in plain words he tells you, why, I say, does he, who writes in a "continued allegory," give you this episode, if there is not more meant than what the dull letter contains? The story, I think, is partly moral, but chiefly historical, and alludes to Artegal's father being taken prisoner in France; who almost ruined his patrimony to pay his ransom. See Camden, and Lloyd's Life of Arthur Grey, Baron of Wilton.

UPTON.

APPENDIX.

VARIATIONS FROM THE FIRST EDITION.

Page 3, l. 5, Triamond, Q. Telamond.
" 35, st. 22, v. 7, avizing, Q. advizing.
" 51, st. 8, v. 8, avengement. Q. advengement.
" 51, st. 9, v. 7, to, Q. too.
" 63, st. 43, v. 5, quietage, all editions quiet age.
" 66, st. 50, v. 3, to, Q. too.
" 68, st. 2, v. 4, Blandamour, Q. Scudamour.
" 71, st. 10, v. 5, worse (ed. 1609), Q. worst.
" 76, st. 24, v. 9, swound, Q. sound.
" 78, st. 29, v. 6, cuffing, all editions cuffling.
" 84, st. 45, v. 2, avenge, Q. evenge.
" 95, st. 25, v. 5, one (ed. 1609), Q. once.
" 97, st. 31, v. 3, his (ed. 1609), Q. her.
" 112, st. 24, v. 8, turning feare (ed. 1609), Q. turning his feare.
" 113, st. 28, v. 6, him, Q. her.
" 121, st. 1, v. 1, darts, Q. dart.
" 129, st. 25, v. 1, which (ed. 1609), Q. with.
" 133, st. 34, v. 1, sad (ed. 1609), Q. said.
" 143, st. 12, v. 3, her, Q. him.
" 163, Arg., v. 2, Æmylia, Q. Pœana.
" 163, st. 1, v. 8, vertuous (ed. 1609), Q. vertues.
" 167, st. 11, v. 9, them, Q. him.
" 169, st. 17, v. 5, quest, all editions guest.
" 174, st. 30, v. 8, repayed (ed. 1609), Q. repayred.
" 176, st. 37, v. 2, knights, Q. knight.
" 181, st. 7, v. 9, ancient, Q. ancients.
" 185, st. 19, v. 1, meanest (ed. 1609), Q. nearest.
" 199, st. 56, v. 4, on (ed. 1609), Q. at.
" 207, st. 17, v. 6, age, Q. times.

Page 214, st. 34, v. 5, Grant, Q. Guant.
" 220, st. 48, v. 8, Eudore, Q. Endore.
" 239, st. 11, v. 2, stead, Q. place.
" 241, st. 4, v. 1, Irena, Q. Eirena.
" 252, Arg., v. 3, Munera, Q. Momera.
" 252, st. 2, v. 7, as (ed. 1609), Q. and.
" 253, st. 4, v. 1, he, Q. she.
" 263, st. 32, v. 4, earth, Q. eare.
" 287, st. 40, v. 6, we (ed. 1609), Q. were.
" 300, st. 36, v. 1, watchman (ed. 1609), Q. watchmen.
" 301, st. 39, v. 3, doale .... divide (ed. 1609), Q. doile .... davide.
" 334, st. 17, v. 5, heard, Q. here.
" 358, st. 42, v. 3, princess, Q. princes.
" 375, st. 40, v. 6, well-knowen, Q. well-knowne.
" 389, st. 26, v. 4, font, all editions fons.
" 392, st. 33, v. 8, rebellious, Q. rebellions.
" 429, st. 40, v. 6, shall sure aby (ed. 1613), Q. shall by.
" 430, st. 41, v. 6, know, Q. knew.
" 437, st. 61, v. 8, froward (ed. 1609), Q. forward.
" 440, st. 1, v. 9, enduren (ed. 1609), Q. endure.

END OF VOL. III.

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